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THE BLUESTOCKING

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MCMX

Mary Baldwin Seminary

Staunton, Virginia



J A WADDELL, LL. D.

REVERENTLY AND LOVINGLY
DEDICATED
TO

THE HONORABLE JOSEPH ADDISON WADDELL, LL. D.

*Who has known the Seminary from the first day its doors were opened, and
has loved it all these years with parental fondness. ¶ Fifty-five years
Secretary of the Board of Trustees, confidential adviser of the
Principals, a friend to the School in its struggles and
its prosperity, serving it with his time and his
means, his tongue and his pen and with
his counsels and his prayers.*

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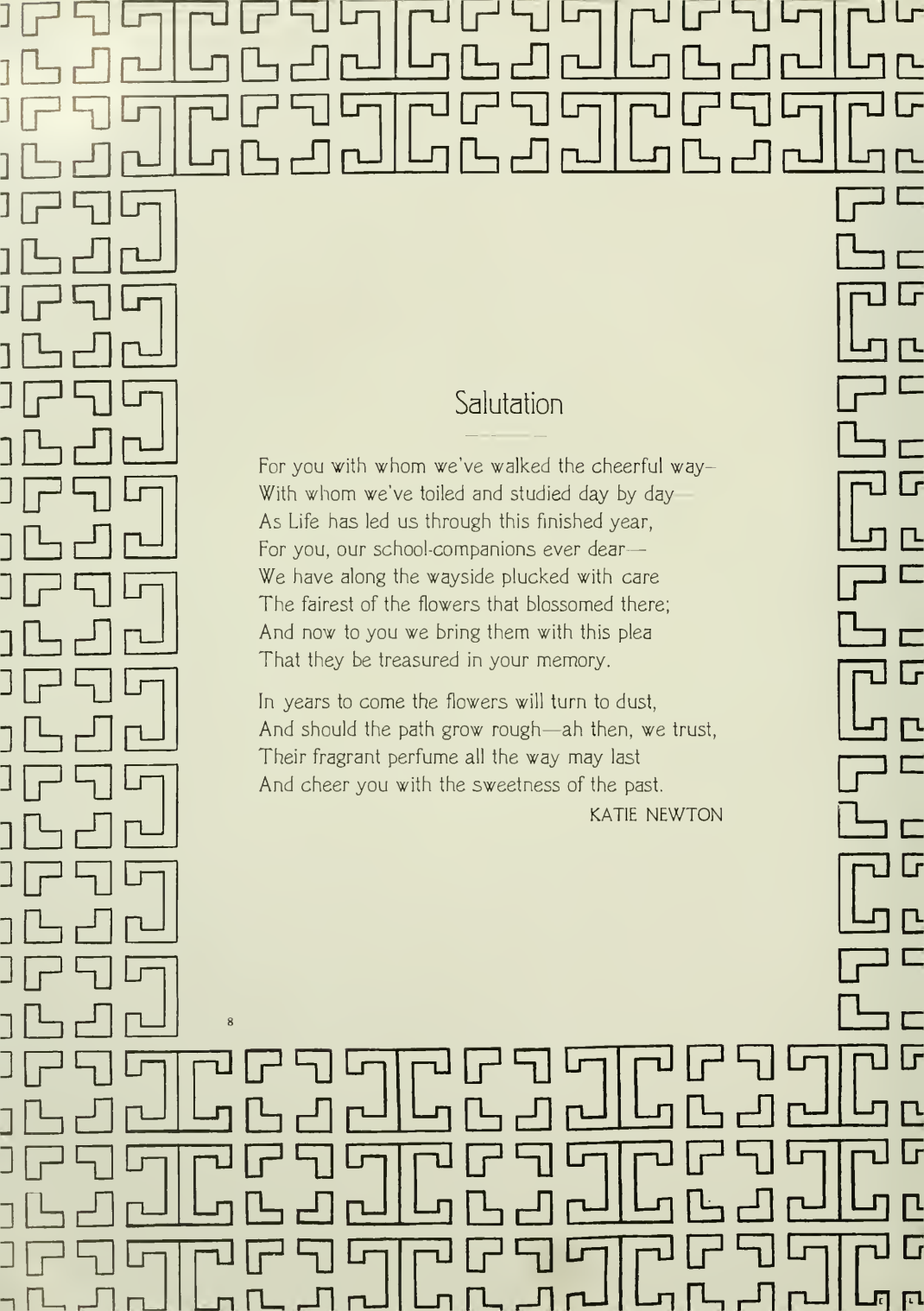
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Salutation

For you with whom we've walked the cheerful way—
With whom we've toiled and studied day by day—
As Life has led us through this finished year,
For you, our school-companions ever dear—
We have along the wayside plucked with care
The fairest of the flowers that blossomed there;
And now to you we bring them with this plea
That they be treasured in your memory.

In years to come the flowers will turn to dust,
And should the path grow rough—ah then, we trust,
Their fragrant perfume all the way may last
And cheer you with the sweetness of the past.

KATIE NEWTON

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Acknowledgment of Thanks

The Editors wish to express their deepest gratitude to the teachers and girls who have helped them in the Annual. They are especially indebted to Miss Weimar, Miss Meetze and her art pupils, Miss Higgins, Miss Leftwich and Mr. King—all of whom have generously given their time and advice.



Graduates

COLLEGIATE COURSE

KATIE MONROE NEWTON.....Bennettsville, S. C.



C When Katie was quite small, Mrs. Newton was much worried by a large bump on the back of the child's head, thinking that she had sustained a serious injury by a fall. Upon consulting a specialist, however, he made her heart glad by telling her that the knot on the little one's head was only a "bump of knowledge." Since her sojourn at M. B. S., Katie has been a regular bureau of information and advice to all in doubt as to what to do, and we sometimes wonder if she always practises what she preaches.

MARGARET READ PEALE.....Harrisonburg, Va.



C The only time that we ever heard of Margaret's being greedy was when Mother Nature passed around the brains, and though she took more than her share then, we have never heard of any discomfort caused by it. Her old mammy made her a present of a graveyard-rabbit's left hind-foot and it had the desired effect, for if any one ever had luck, it is this same Margaret Peale. She is bound to succeed in anything she undertakes—or else how would she be carrying off a sheepskin from M. B. S.?

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

MARGARET BOOKER GILKESON.....Parkersburg, W. Va.

Though "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast," music for our graduate is an unnecessary but pleasant attribute. Her personality is sufficient charm to disperse all signs of savagery, but add to this her music, and she is irresistible. The public she charms by her piano music, but her best friends love the capricious little melodies that come from her guitar, when they have all gathered for a "good-night chat."



ART DEPARTMENT

ANN BELL EUBANK.....Staunton, Va.

The gift-angels have been very generous to our art graduate. Her natural artlessness makes her pleasantly artful in gaining all our affections. This artfulness would lose its charm, if its owner knew she possessed it. We doubt if while going her busy way through school, she has been aware of the many friends she has made and of how much we all have enjoyed her work.



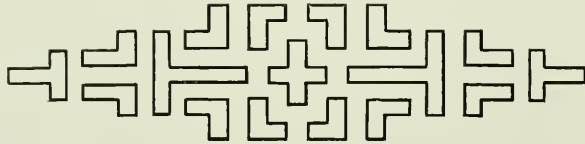
ELOCUTION DEPARTMENT

LAURA WARD WISE.....Staunton, Va.



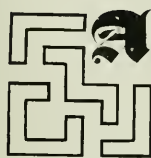
☪ Not content with graduating and winning the medal last year, Laura has come back to set the pace for the other elocution pupils while she post-graduates.

☪ Her big, brown eyes still sparkle with their old-time animation when she recites for us, and it is a pity that she hasn't done it oftener this year—we feel that we have been defrauded of one of our best pleasures.



The Knight of the Golden Horseshoe

Prize Essay

 ALEXANDER SPOTSWOOD was not, as most people consider him, the Governor of Virginia. He was only Lieutenant-Governor for the Earl of Orkney, who never came to this country to fill his office. Spotswood was the second substitute for the Earl, Lieutenant-Governor Nicholson being the first.

¶ When Spotswood arrived in Virginia in 1710, he was received with great rejoicings. Did he not bring with him the long-desired "Writ of Habeas Corpus"? Was not that enough to rejoice over? The Virginians had asked for this privilege long ago, but for some reason it had been withheld. As English subjects, they had a right to all the privileges of the British people. Why should they not have this great and good law? They had the other rights, why not this? But they now possessed what they had desired for so long, so they made merry over the arrival of their new executive, and they received him with a royal welcome.

¶ No doubt Spotswood had heard the glowing reports of this new land; but the condition of the colony at his coming was not so prosperous as he perhaps expected it to be. Still, Spotswood set to work in the right way. He did not sit down and waste time because he was disappointed. He started immediately to improve the condition of certain products and to help the colony in every way possible.

¶ Spotswood had served under Marlborough and had left the army on account of a bad wound in his breast, therefore he had a splendid martial training and he could keep the militia in good training, which was certainly needed. Just at this time, the Indians were at peace with the Virginians, but some tribes were opening hostilities with the Carolinas and no one knew when they might break out against the Virginians. So it was well to be ready and waiting for any danger that might arise from that quarter.

¶ And to avoid any such breaking out of the tributary Indians, Spotswood very wisely commanded that some of the sons of the chiefs, kings and queens, should be sent to William and Mary College. Here they had their own building, "The Brafferton," and were students at the College; but in reality they were just twenty hostages, held for the good behavior of their people.

¶ He also did what a great many other able and efficient governors failed to do—he undertook the education of the Indians, sending them good teachers and doing everything possible for their improvement. At Fort Christanna he built a school for them. This was composed of five houses, each one protected by a cannon—one of which is now on the campus of William and Mary College—and all surrounded by palisades. Spotswood often made trips to the school in all conditions of weather or of seasons, his interest in it was so great. At one time it was thought that it was kept up at his expense, but then it was discovered that it was run by the Indian Company. For all his care and interest not many results were noticed. Still Spotswood said that he would be glad if the coming generations would reap the benefit, that they couldn't expect wonderful changes immediately.

¶ An incident is related in the "Makers of Virginia History" about one of Spotswood's visits to the school. Fifteen of the Saponeys had been killed by the Genitoes, an Indian tribe, and when Spotswood came to inspect the school, they asked permission to send fifteen of their young men in order to avenge themselves. This request was granted, and pretty soon the young men came forth in full dress; their hair cut in curious shapes, their bodies painted blue and red, and wrapped in red and blue blankets. They had a very disagreeable odor from greasing their bodies with bears' oil and from staying in their smoky cabins a great deal. "They looked wild and were mighty shy of an Englishman."

¶ Spotswood also helped the colony by the use of stringent methods with the pirates. During his administration all up and down the coast the pirates were ravaging the country, carrying ruin and destruction everywhere. Spotswood soon captured some of less renown; but John Teach, known as "Blackbeard," and the most dangerous of all, eluded his vigilance for quite a time. At last Captain Henry Maynard surprised and captured him in Pamlico Bay in 1718. "Blackbeard," as soon as the engagement had begun, had stationed a man at the powder magazine to blow up the ship if they should have to surrender. For some reason, the man failed to light the powder. And as the enemy were boarding his ship, "Blackbeard" started to stab the man, but fell dead as he reached over towards him. The crew was soon captured and taken to Williamsburg. Spotswood presided at their trial there. These men were soon afterwards hanged on the road that is now called "Lovers' Lane," because it is the popular promenade for the young people of that city.

¶ Though Spotswood had a gentle breeding and a manly bearing, which was much loved by the Virginians, he often quarreled with the Burgesses and Council. He also combined the quality of obstinacy with Scottish candor and freedom of speech.

¶ When South Carolina was fighting the Indians, Spotswood appealed to the Burgesses for supplies and money to aid them. The Burgesses replied that they would like to help their suffering neighbors, but that Virginia was not rich and that they ought to fortify their own State first. Spotswood became very angry at this, and after telling them that they were only considering the ideas of an ignorant people and not the welfare of their country, he dissolved them.

¶ This was not the only difference Spotswood had with this body, though one of his better-known disagreements was with Commissary Blair. Up to this time, the vestry inducted the rectors. But now, if once a rector was inducted he was to be the pastor of that church for life, and since there were so few good preachers in the colony, the people were afraid of being saddled with a bad one. So, for that reason, very few ministers were inducted. Spotswood now claimed the right to appoint the clergy. In this he was claiming more power than had ever been claimed by any governor before his day. As was the case with every one who contended with Blair, Spotswood was worsted.

¶ Then Spotswood wrote a letter to the vestry in which he made several direct attacks on the Commissary's conduct in regard to the Church. The Governor said that Blair was too lax in his church duties, that he had a layman to read the service and to conduct the burial services while he was present, and that he opposed the induction of the clergy.

¶ Blair answered all these charges easily and satisfactorily. As to the first charge, he said that he had a layman read his services in his church only when he was sick and could not read it himself, that a layman had conducted the burial service several times in his presence, simply because he happened to be passing and had stopped; that the people, on account of the scarcity of ministers, could not wait for one to bury their dead and that the service was often read by laymen throughout the colony by law; and lastly, that he did not oppose the induction of ministers. Here again the old Commissary gained the advantage over Spotswood. And it was about this time that anonymous letters against Spotswood were sent to England, which later on caused his removal from office.

¶ About August of the year 1716, Spotswood decided to take a party of gentlemen and rangers with him to cross the Blue Ridge Mountains and to explore the region beyond. He knew that England claimed the land through to the other ocean—wherever it was—and he thought that it was time they were asserting their claims and settling in that region. The French were building forts all along the Great Lakes and the big rivers, and he saw that it was time for England to fortify her claims, if she wished to prevent a long and bloody war. Another reason for his desiring to cross these mountains was to

find a way to connect the forts of the English in the north with those of Virginia, and to see if Lake Erie was accessible from there. Some statements of the Indians had led him to believe this last. Blair heartily agreed with him in his plan of crossing the Ridge, which was then considered as a dangerous undertaking.

¶ So one day in August, a party of the finest Virginia gentlemen set out from Williamsburg with the Governor in his coach. In this they traveled to his home at Germanna. Here the party was joined by the rangers, servants and pack-horses, and from here they proceeded on horseback. The journey was not made hurriedly. Each night they pitched camp at some comfortable spot and each time named it after a member of the cavalcade. They also had a long rest during the heat of the day, stopping to drink the many different wines—Burgundy, champagne and those brewed at Germanna by the settlement of German Protestants under Spotswood's care—and to eat the bountiful game and fish which they daily shot and caught, and to rest in the shade of the abundant trees along the way. All through this region game was very abundant, and the streams were full of fish. These lands were used by the Indians as hunting-grounds, but not as permanent settlements. Spotswood saw no Indians on this trip, and this fact was used as a great inducement for settling the Valley.

¶ In about twenty-six days after leaving Williamsburg, Spotswood and his cavalcade reached the summit of the Ridge, making the ascension near Swift Run Gap. They descended the other side, and having forded the Shenandoah, they took possession of the land with great formality in the name of George I, King of England! After the usual drinking of healths in the different wines, Spotswood buried a bottle in the bank of the river, which contained a slip of paper saying that the land had been taken by himself in the name of the king. This bottle is supposed to be still undiscovered.

¶ Here they rested a while, and after having named the highest peak "Mount George" and the next highest "Mount Spotswood," according to Fontaine, and "Mount Alexander," according to Rev. Hugh Jones, the party returned to Williamsburg, having been away eight weeks, and having traveled in all four hundred and forty miles. Four years later, all the valley between Fredericksburg and the mountains was called Spotsylvania, in honor of the Lieutenant-Governor.

¶ It was from this trip that "The Knights of the Golden Horseshoe" came into existence. In the low, sandy plains very few of those articles had been used. But on a trip over the mountains, where the way would be rough, rocky and steep, it was necessary to protect the horses' feet, so a large number of horseshoes were provided for the expedition. And on returning to the town,

Spotswood presented each gentleman of his party with a miniature horseshoe, set with precious stones to represent the nails. The story goes that the Governor had asked the king to give these little mementoes to his men, but that His Majesty refused, sending only one, very handsomely jeweled, to His Excellency, the Lieutenant-Governor, and so the latter had to pay for his own souvenirs.

¶ At this time, William and Mary College paid each year, on the fifth of November, two copies of Latin verse to the Governor as rent for their lands. That year, the praises of the Ultra-montane Expedition were written by Reverend Arthur Blackmore, Professor of the Grammar or Classic School, and were presented to Spotswood.

¶ During his administration, Spotswood did much for Williamsburg in almost every way. When he began his administration, there was one long street with the College at one end and the Capitol at the other. This thoroughfare was very rough and had several bad ditches in it. These the Governor had filled and the way made smoother. He also helped Blair collect money to rebuild the College, and at his death he left to this great institution his books and his mathematical instruments.

¶ Spotswood was largely responsible for the grace and beauty of Bruton Parish Church. The old church had become too small to hold the crowds that were constantly in Williamsburg on account of the Burgesses, the Council and the Court all holding their meetings there. Blair presented to the people a plan of the church, as it now stands, which Spotswood had given. And the Governor, with the aid of Mr. Edmund Jenings, promised to give the bricks at fifteen shillings per thousand, when they saw that the contractors would probably take advantage of the people. They volunteered this aid on condition that the people should do the rest. The church, that has lately been restored with all its strength and beauty of line, was built according to Spotswood's plans.

¶ During Spotswood's last year of administration, Williamsburg was made a "city incorporate" by the Colonial Council. John Holloway was the first mayor; John Clayton the first recorder; John Randolph, John Custis, James Bray, Archibald Blair, William Robertson and Thomas Jones the first aldermen.

¶ Spotswood had long been interested in making Virginia a vine-growing country. Through his working and under his care, a colony of German Protestants settled on the Rapidan, near where his home was later on, and started in the vine culture. This culture never grew into a large source of wealth to the Virginians, but some of the wines that Spotswood had with him on his Ultra-montane Expedition were made there on the Rapidan by his German

settlement. This colony has been described as consisting of about "a baker's dozen of ruinous houses," which doesn't suggest that the colony was a prosperous one. It was to this vicinity that Spotswood retired after his removal from office.

¶ Here it was that Colonel Byrd visited his old friend; often they sat in front of the huge open fire and recalled their experiences in war, talked of the Governor's iron works and vine culture. This is what Colonel Byrd himself wrote of part of one of their conversations: "In the meantime I observ'd my old Friend to be very Uxorious and exceedingly fond of his children. This was so opposite to the Maxims he us'd to preach up before he was married, that I cou'd not forbear rubbing up the Memory of them. But he gave a very good-natur'd turn to his Change of Sentiments by alleging that whoever brings a poor Gentlewoman into so solitary a place, from all her Friends and Acquaintance, wou'd be ungrateful not to use her and all that belongs to her with all possible Tenderness." From this we get a good picture of the honest and straightforward Governor in his home life, his tenderness for his children and loving care of his wife.

¶ To his home at Germanna Spotswood retired, after being the Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia for twelve years. Here he found iron ore on his land; and he at once set to work to build an iron foundry. He soon had not only one but four of these, and also an air furnace at Massaponnax, at which he made andirons, stovebacks and other useful articles. From the foundries he sent iron to England. He had a great interest in these works, and after his removal from office, he frequently rode around to inspect them. On account of this industry, he was called the "Tubal Cain of Virginia."

¶ But Spotswood's iron furnaces were not the first in Virginia. The very first were those built by the London Company at Falling Creek in 1619. These cost the Company one hundred thousand dollars and were under the care of John Berkeley. The iron which was turned out from these works was said to have been the best that existed in the world. Just before the Revolution, they belonged to Archibald Cary, but were destroyed by Tarleton during that war. Now all that remains of them is a ruined mill by the side of a pretty little fall.

¶ Still, there seems to be a difference of opinion concerning Spotswood's iron works. In Colonel Byrd's writings, he said that Spotswood "corrected me a little there, by assuring me he was not only the first in this Country, but the first in North America, who had erected a regular Furnace." And Spotswood told Colonel Byrd a great many things concerning his furnaces, his failures and successes, and he also promised to help the Colonel found his own furnace.

¶ The two characteristics, obstinacy and freedom of speech, were sources of great trouble to Spotswood. On account of these traits he had many a quarrel with the Burgesses and Council, which finally resulted in his removal from office, Lieutenant-Governor Gooch being substituted in his stead. During his last years in office many complaints and anonymous letters were sent to England. Most of these complaints Spotswood answered readily, but, notwithstanding this fact, he was removed.

¶ After his removal, he became Postmaster-General; and in a short while the mail ran regularly between Philadelphia and Williamsburg, taking one week to cover the distance between these two cities. But even this was better than it had been some years before, when Philadelphia might have burnt down and the people of Williamsburg not have known it until three weeks later!

¶ In 1740, England had an outbreak with Spain; and it was at this time that troops were taken from Virginia to aid those of the Mother Country for the first time. Spotswood was made general of this expedition against Carthage in Central America. He paid a visit to Williamsburg, before setting out for Annapolis, and stayed at the Brafferton building of William and Mary College. After making his will here, he then proceeded to Annapolis, where he died before the embarkation of the troops. Colonel Gooch was appointed in his place.

¶ A man eager for adventure, a cavalier and a great warrior was Spotswood. Still, he was a churchman, loving the church with a devotion which has put his name high among the names of Virginia's great and good men, and which has given it the place it deserved in the canopied pew where we see it today. The Governor's pew has been restored and now on the top of the canopy, in the place it had during his administration, we may read "Alexander Spotswood." And again we see that noble name among those of the many governors of Virginia on the back of a chair in memory of them.

¶ No praise is too high for him, or any love too great. Spotswood was one of Virginia's wisest governors, combining noble virtues, executive ability, public-spiritedness and shrewdness with a good heart, gentle breeding, courteousness and honesty. No governor of our State has ever surpassed him in ability. No one has done more for Virginia than he; and he undertook many things other governors left untouched.

¶ And it was largely due to his unconscious influence that he was able to write the Bishop of London that he had "observed less Swearing and Profaneness, less Drunkenness, less uncharitable feuds and animosities and less Knaverys and Villanys" in Virginia "than in any part of the world where my Lot has been."

MARY MCFADEN.



Indian Lullaby

PRIZE POEM

The winds wail soft in the marsh this night—
Hush, my sweeting;
The fire burns low by the tee-pee door
Hush thy weeping.

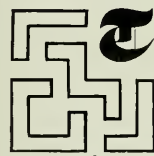
The brave has gone on the last long hunt—
Sleep, my wee one;
The squaw's alone in the world save thee—
Sleep, my own son.

The night bird calls to her distant mate,
Art thou sleeping?
My mate is dead and alone I stay,
With thee, weeping.

NANCY COOPER

A Gift of the Great Spirit

PRIZE STORY

 HIS little seven-year-old girl and her grandfather were great chums, and every morning before breakfast she would patter into his room, climb up on his knee and demand a story, "a really-truly story, Papa-Gran'." This morning it was to be a story about Indians, the kind that the grandfather had known when he was a young man surveying Minnesota before it became a state.

Q "Well, before I ever knew Mama-Gran', five years before the war, the government sent some young civil engineers out West to make maps of all the land out there that belonged to Uncle Sam. I was among the engineers, and the place where I was sent was Minnesota. It wasn't a state then, and in it lived three different tribes of Indians.

Q "The only somebody I had to help me was a half-breed. That means a man whose mother was an Indian and his father a white man. He didn't know much English, so I had to learn the three different languages that the Indians spoke."

Q Here the tale was interrupted by the little girl, because "Papa-Gran' " must count up to ten for her in Indian. He did, and a peal of joyful laughter was his reward for the guttural monosyllables.

Q "Sometimes we were a *hundred* miles from another white man, and often far away from any signs of trees. I remember one night in July, when we had pitched our tent in the midst of the prairie with nothing but the high grass around us for miles, and every now and then a little prairie dog's home; we were in a pretty dangerous fix, and badly scared for a time. That night there was a hundred-pound keg of gunpowder, belonging to the government, in the center of our tent; we were going to use it soon for blasting. When we had cooked supper we noticed that it was rather sultry. By the time we were ready for bed, 'way over in the west you could see the lightning flash every once in a while, and I began to feel right uneasy about that keg of gunpowder in our flimsy tent in the midst of a summer thunder-storm.

Q "Soon the storm came, and all night long the thunder crashed around our tent, followed right away by the lightning. I can tell you we were mighty

glad when, 'long about morning, the storm died down and we could sleep a little bit.

¶ "Next morning we got our breakfast of bacon and beans, and kept on up through the country. It was dark before we got to the Indian encampment, and all the men and women gathered 'round the camp-fire to see us.

¶ "They seemed pleased when they found that I could speak their language, and the squaws were mighty tickled at the beads I gave them. The chief came up, stuck up his chin at me and grunted, which means, 'Want any dog?'"

¶ "But Papa-Gran, what did they want you to have the dog for?"

¶ "They *eat* dog, honey; they were just being polite. After I'd given them all the presents I had for them, the squaws all sat down in a ring, with their funny little papooses strapped to their backs, sound asleep, and began to gamble for each other's gifts. The only play that Indian women have is gambling. A squaw will stake her last blanket, and never move a muscle when her brave beats her for losing it.

¶ "The men all sat 'round the fire and smoked, with every now and then a grunt or two. They took a lot of notice when I began working out some engineering figures. They had never seen a pencil before. There was one young warrior, a straight, fine-looking man, who came up and sat right beside me and never took his eyes off my work.

¶ "I stayed there about a month, and we all got to be fine friends, 'specially the babies and I. They were funny little soft, brown bits of babyhood, and I made them paper dolls and little windmills, just like I do for you.

¶ "One day there was a council of the tribe, and they were all sitting around the fire, dressed in their war paint, feathers and big red-and-black-striped blankets. I was sitting over in the corner with my back up against a tree. I took out my pencil and began to draw the young chief sitting yonder by the fire smoking his big soapstone pipe with all its bright-colored strings, shells and beads hanging from it. I hadn't gotten more than his headdress done when the young brave, who always watched so closely whenever I used my pencil, came over by me and looked over my shoulder. When he saw the picture of the chief, his eyes got all sparkly, as yours do when you see your Christmas tree, and he grunted some quick, glad-sounding little grunts; then he leaned over and took both the pencil and picture from me before I'd half finished it. He bent over the paper, and held the pencil up in front of him while he said a short prayer to the Great Spirit—then quick as a wink, he went to work and finished the picture a great deal better than I could have done it. You could almost see the smoke curl up from the thin lips of that picture, and when it was finished the whole council came over to see it, and made a big fuss over the

pencil, just as if it had made the whole thing. The Princess Chennandowah, the bride of the young chieftain, took it and pinned it to the wall of her wigwam, just like your mother sticks your picture all over the house.

¶ "After this I gave the Indian a lot of my paper and several pencils for his very own, and before long there were pictures of everybody lying 'round the encampment. See that one over yonder on the wall? Well, that's me—looked like me, too, when it was done. You see, dear, your old grandpa was a young man then.

¶ "Before we went back to the States, I gave the young Indian some money so he could go to school in Missouri where he could learn English, and get enough education to go off to New York to learn drawing. He took an English name, and when I went to fight for the Confederacy, I lost sight of him. I often wonder whether he made anything of himself. He was certainly a natural-born artist.

¶ "Here comes Mama-Gran' to curl your hair. Tomorrow we'll have a beautiful story that I know, all about 'Sinbad, the Sailor.'"

¶ "All right, Papa-Gran', but this one was just wonderful. Thank you, sir, and don't you just dare to go downstairs to breakfast, unless you let me ride down on your back. *Please*, Papa-Gran', just wait a little minute till my curls are done!"

HESTER LEAVENWORTH RIDDLE.

Prizes for Annual Work

The Editors wish to express their thanks to gentlemen in Staunton for the following prizes:

For the best essay, offered by Mr. Landes and won by Miss Mary McFaden.

For the best story, offered by Mr. Caldwell and won by Miss Hester Riddle.

For the best poem, offered by Mr. Stoddard and won by Miss Nancy Cooper.

For the best kodak picture, offered by Mr. Lang and won by Miss Mary Heath.

For the best art work, offered by Mr. Crowell and won by Miss Mercedes Miller.



Miss Martha Riddle

An Appreciation



¶ If you should ask any girl who has been at Mary Baldwin during the last twenty years who had the greatest and most lasting influence over her, the reply would almost invariably be—Miss Martha Riddle.

¶ As teacher of history, Miss Riddle has endeared herself to countless schoolgirls, and has been the inspiration of all who have studied under her. In her class-room, not only a thorough knowledge of the subject studied is gained, but the principles of everyday ethics, that go to the making of character, are acquired. We may despair of ever being as brilliant and learned as Miss

Riddle, but more than one girl has left her class realizing that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and resolving to make the most of her opportunities.

¶ Miss Riddle not only influences us by her teaching, but by her attractive personality and strong, forceful character. Her devotion and faithfulness to duty, her determination never "to give up," win one's greatest respect and admiration. Broad-minded, always fair and just, her advice is sought on many questions; and she is never lacking in sympathy and interest. A true gentlewoman of the old Southern type, her unaffected dignity, rare courtesy and innate refinement are combined with the utmost simplicity of manner.

¶ Perhaps no one more truly reaches our hearts during our school life than Miss Riddle, and we may say, in all sincerity, that we are the wiser for having studied under her, the better for having known her and the stronger in character for her influence.

Retrospect

THE ninth of September, 1909, saw M. B. S., enlivened by a coat of new paint, again welcoming the Baldwin family, much larger than ever before and with many new members. What fun it was to the old girls—greeting last year's friends, noting the changes and improvements in the buildings, wondering about and summing up the peculiarities of the new teachers, and hoping that every one would be "a cinch."

The new girls, though somewhat bewildered by the numerous covered ways and steps, all declared that they "liked it fine." With such a good time in view as only schoolgirls know how to have, they even forgot to be homesick, and wish they had never seen boarding school. Fairy tales and dime novels seemed tame when compared with the marvelous tales of adventure and even romance at M. B. S. that were poured into their ears from the lips of old girls who had a secret desire to see if they would bite. With forming new friendships and renewing old ones, most of our time was occupied for the first week or two, so that for a while we ignored our books altogether.

The first peep that the new girls had into Baldwin society was when they attended the Y. W. C. A. reception, which was soon followed by a party given in the Gym by the Literary Society. Despite the fact that these were distinctly "hen-parties," they were liked by all, and helped us all to become better acquainted.



"Taming of the Shrew," and they were only discussing which actor was the best.

If you had listened to the conversation on the terrace one day early in October, you would have heard something like this: "I think Petruchio was the most attractive."

"No, I liked the Jester best." Your supposition would naturally have been that they were making a study of the "immortal William," but the truth was that the night before they had been to see the

Before we realized that we wanted one, we were given a holiday—Miss Baldwin's birthday. We made the most of our time, having gay rides and feasts that we all enjoy so much.



Surely you would have been tempted to believe in ghosts and witches if you had been in the Gym Hallowe'en night. Sheeted figures with clammy hands—the thought of that touch makes one shudder—and spirited witches on broomsticks greeted the guests at the door. Think of the Y. W. C. A. believing in the supernatural! They ushered us from one mysterious chamber to another, ending with the burning cauldron where each girl learned her fate.

Of course, every Baldwin girl has admired from a distance our little mountain, Betsy Bell, but how many have ever climbed it? In October, a crowd of us girls chaperoned by Fraulein Geiger—and there has never been a chaperone equal to her—performed the feat, for feat it was to climb it with suitcases filled with good things, queer-looking bundles of all sorts, a bottle of tea, and even a bucket of precious water. After losing the way several times, the top was finally reached, and then the fun began. Such preparations for dinner! and what did it matter if a dozen drank out of half a dozen cups, just so the "grub" went round? A thunder storm soon sent the girls hurrying down the mountain-side and a drizzling rain fell all during their four-mile walk. What sights they were when they at last reached shelter—but that was part of the fun!



November saw us all putting our white waists away in camphor balls and donning our woolen ones lest we should catch cold, and it impressed on our minds most vividly the fact that winter was already here. The day before Thanksgiving, the most popular resort was the bulletin board upon which was the express list. Boxes and still more boxes arrived, and in the lock-up, where they were

being opened, shouts of delight could be heard mingled occasionally with one of anger, which told that some one was being deprived of all the canned goods and meats which forgetful friends had sent. The next day—Thanksgiving itself—was most exciting. What did we care if Miss Weimar came up and

pulled us away from the windows and told us once again, "Put up that sash curtain," for had we not seen all the Kableites pass by in holiday attire, and had we not heard the inspiring music rendered by their band? We pass over the Thanksgiving dinner, for the thought of it makes us hungry. That night "Polly of the Circus" was the attraction, and all the girls who didn't lose their hearts to Polly lost them to the Minister.

Before we realized it, the holidays had come, and the twenty-second of December saw us all bound for home, truly happy once more. After two perfectly blissful weeks, we returned, and then we were truly sad once more. The best cure for homesickness is work, applied rather vigorously, so that accounts for the good lessons recited the first weeks after the holidays, which caused the teachers to wonder what was up.

A decided hit was made by the tea which the Literary Society gave in January to make money for the Annual. Everybody had plenty to eat, and the good cause was helped by the amount of forty dollars.

The eighteenth of February was a red-letter day in the calendar of every Baldwin girl, for that night we went to see the U. Va. Dramatic Club play "Turryland." We had been looking forward with the greatest anticipation to this event, and the realization fully surpassed our expectations—it was certainly worth being good for a month. From the dainty suffragette to the washerman, all were adorable, and that the music took with the Sem. girls, you have only to go to the practise hall to prove.

Just as we were suffering from our first attack of spring fever, Miss Weimar gave us a holiday. Great excitement reigned that day, for there was a wedding at Hilltop mansion. The blushing bride never looked lovelier than when attired in her simple white gown with her veil of priceless lace (curtain). The groomsmen were particularly attractive in their semi-evening dress. There has never been a more impressive scene at Baldwin's.

The monotony of school life was broken by the bazaar given by the Y. W. C. A. the second Saturday in March. There we visited booths of all sorts, where we bought everything to eat from stick candy to Presbyterian punch. We danced ourselves weary, and spent much time laughing at the droll costumes worn. If the Y. W. C. A. made as much money as we had fun, its treasury was greatly swelled by the proceeds of the bazaar.

A little later the members of the German Club enjoyed a most delightful dance. Good music, elaborate decorations, a delicious supper and handsome





dresses made the affair as enjoyable as a really truly dance.

We have written only of the affairs planned and carried out by the girls, but there have been many which, although they have not been as enjoyable as the others, have perhaps been of more benefit to us from an educational standpoint. The lectures, soirées and recitals have all been enjoyed, and those given by the girls have shown much progress in their work and have proven how much talent we have among us. And now that we have finished another year, and our

highest ambition—to reach home—is almost realized, we look back over it with a feeling akin to sadness. We have had jolly times together, though perhaps at the time we didn't realize what fun it was, and sometimes we have had our share of trouble.

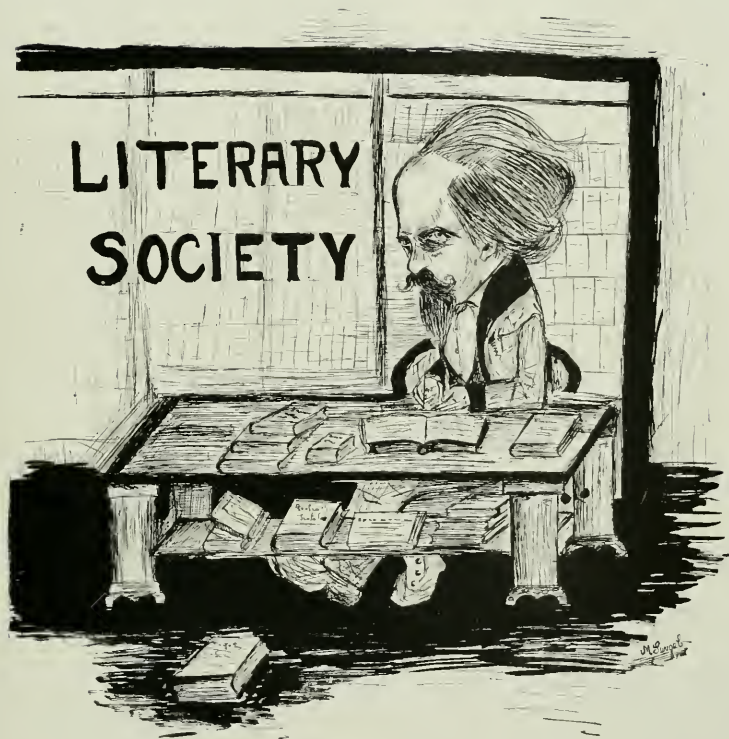
Now, as we say good-bye to dear old Baldwin's, some of us forever, some until next September, we take with us tender memories of the days that are gone, and of friends that have proved true.



MARTHA NEWTON.



AGNES MCCLUNG HALL



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K. E. Y.

K. F. C.

T. T.

X. Y. Z.

W. A. G.

J. E. N. T. I. L.

S. K. Y. S.

GERMAN CLUB

TEXAS CLUB

MISSISSIPPI CLUB

FLORIDA CLUB

ARKANSAS CLUB

C.O.D.

C. O. D.

Color
Red

Flower
Carnation

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Red and Black

Flower
American Beauty

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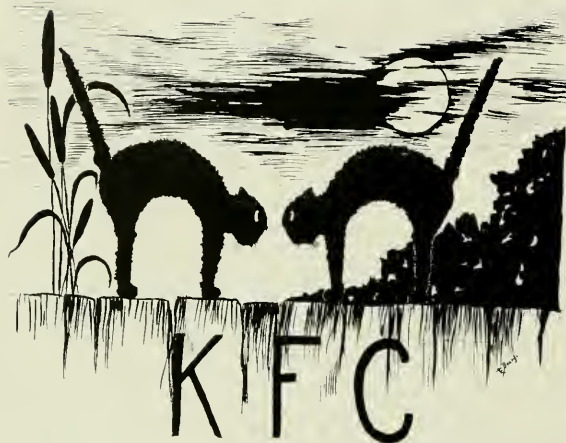
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Colors
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Flower
Cattail

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K. F. C. CLUB



Χ. Ψ. Ζ.

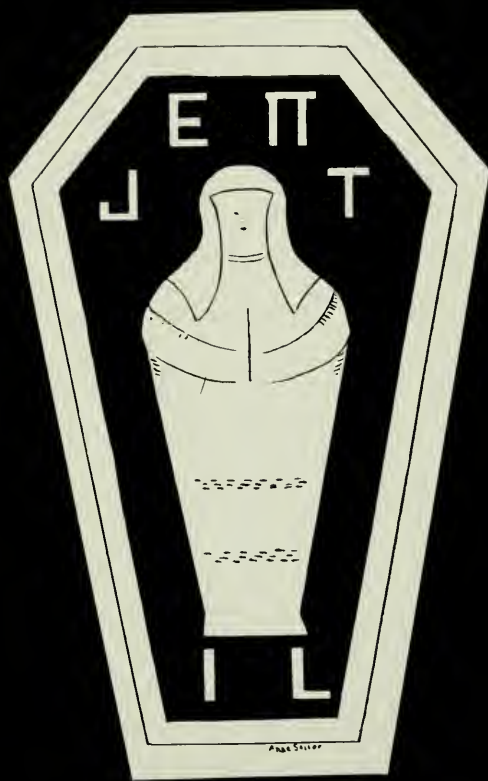
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of the Sacred Tull "Lamb"

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Kutub-Munir "Wadeley"
Fahad-nd-Dublet "McDavid"
Shah-Jehangir "Blackwell"
Ghaffurine baki "Braun"
Lion-Dwight "Coffey"
Harjardie "Dunlop"
Khalu Kappah "Munger"
Kade-ah-Jhalat "Rindell"
Maj-Furuk "Bullous"
Kishan-Jithar "Rams"
Kutub-Munir "Bryman"



K.E.Y.

Colors
Violet and White

Flower
Violet

Motto
"The Golden Key Unlocks All Doors"

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K. E. Y. CLUB



U. U.

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Flower
Sunflower

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T. T. CLUB

W. A. G.

Motto

Girls will be girls

Colors

Old Gold and Black

Flower

Golden Rod

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5 RUBY FARROW

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7 IMOGENE JAMES

8 GEORGE ALICE MAY

9 MERVIN RAY

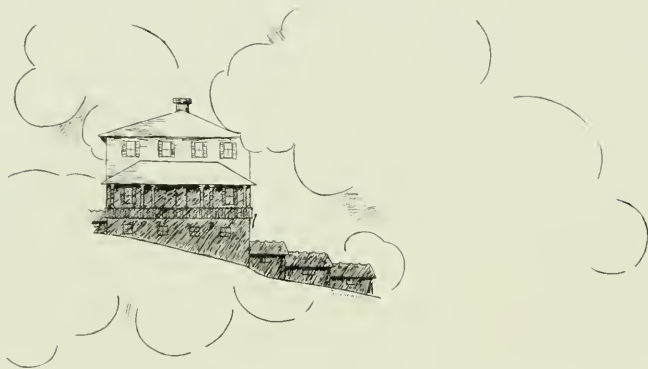
10 MAY THACKER

11 ALMA TILLMAN

12 EDNA WOODRUFF



W. A. G. CLUB



S.K.Y.S.

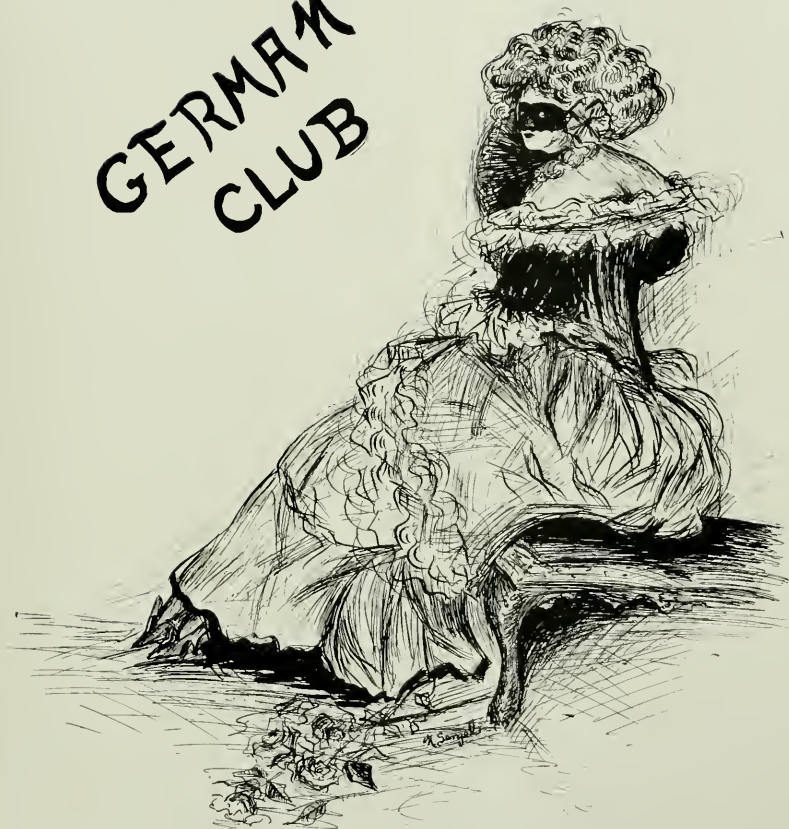
LUCILE CARSON
CLARA GRAY

FAY STINSON
GEORGE HARRIS

MARGUERITE SENDEL
MARION STINSON
FLORENCE STINSON
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GERMAN CLUB



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GERMAN CLUB



TEXAS CLUB

Colors
Black and Gold

Flower
Black-Eyed Susan

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ZORA LAIRD

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ADDIE SHARP

NORMA BREEDEN

JENNIE CRAVEN

GEORGE ALICE MAY

ALMA TILLMAN

JENNIE VINEYARD

MARION WICKS



TEXAS CLUB



Mississippi Club

Motto

"Dixie till I Die"

Mascot

Coon

Colors

Green and White

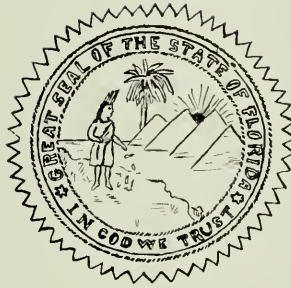
Flower

Magnolia

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Florida Club

Colors

Orange and White

Flower

Orange Blossom

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NANCY COOPER

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HELEN DEAN

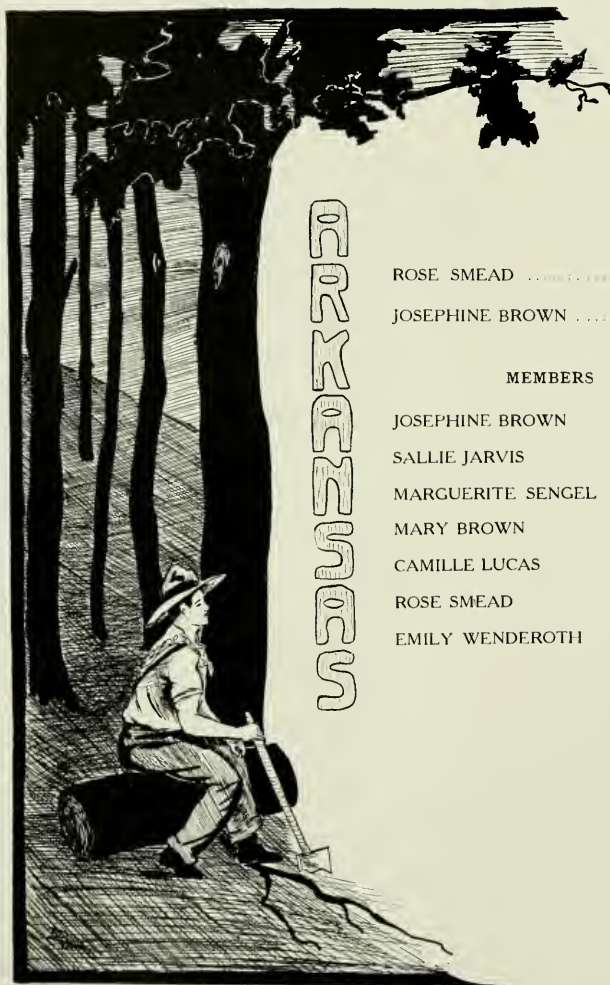
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MERVIN RAY

DOROTHY HAUGHTON



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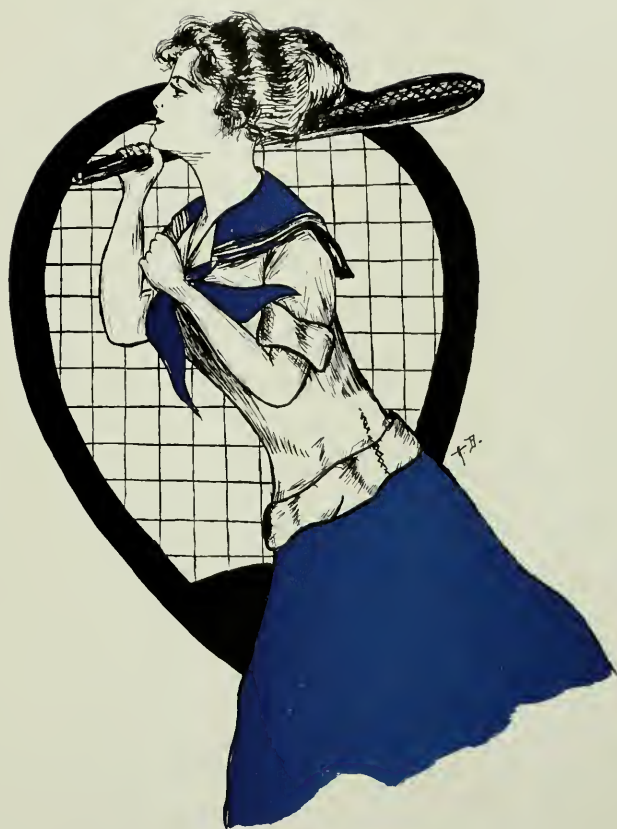
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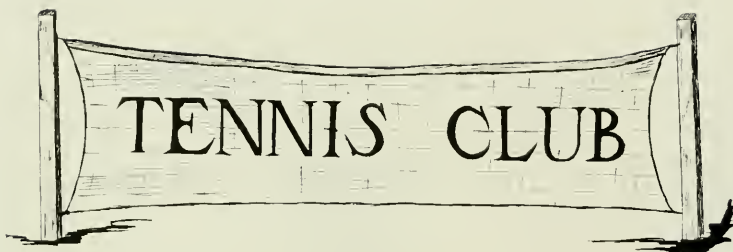
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3



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JANET FARRAR	MARY McFADEN	LILY WOODS
RUBY FARROW	LUTIE WOODS	ALEINE McLEOD
		RUBY ZETH



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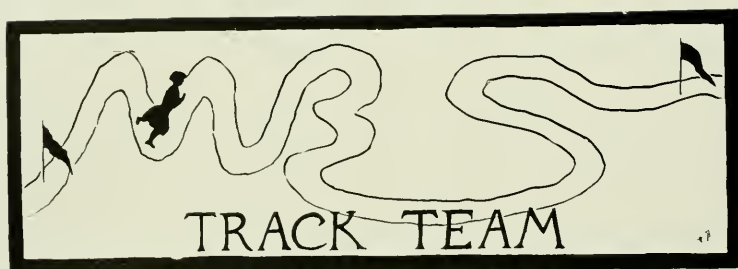
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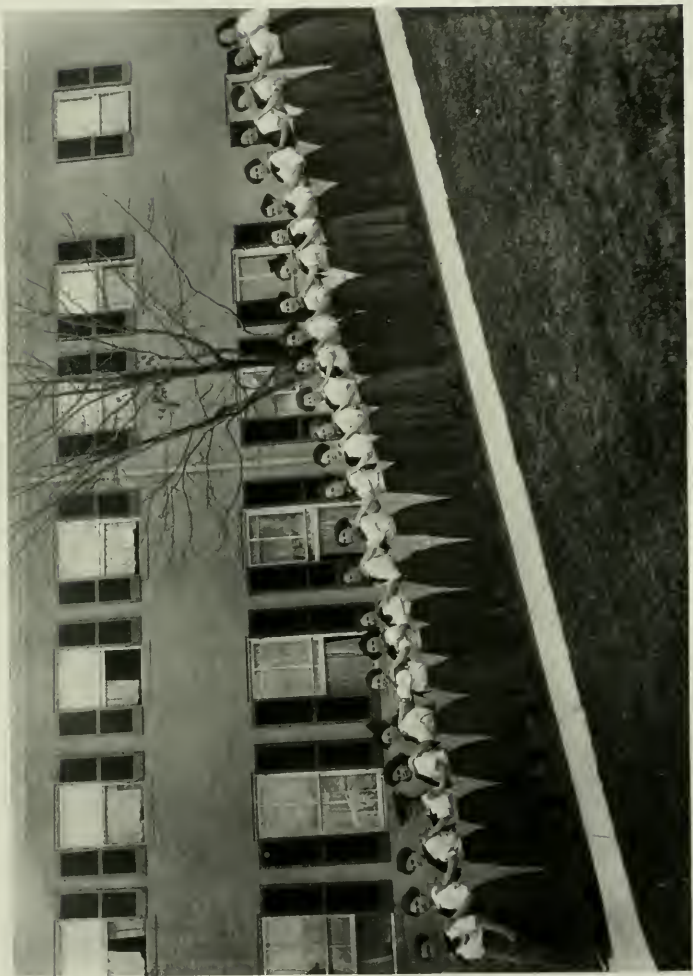
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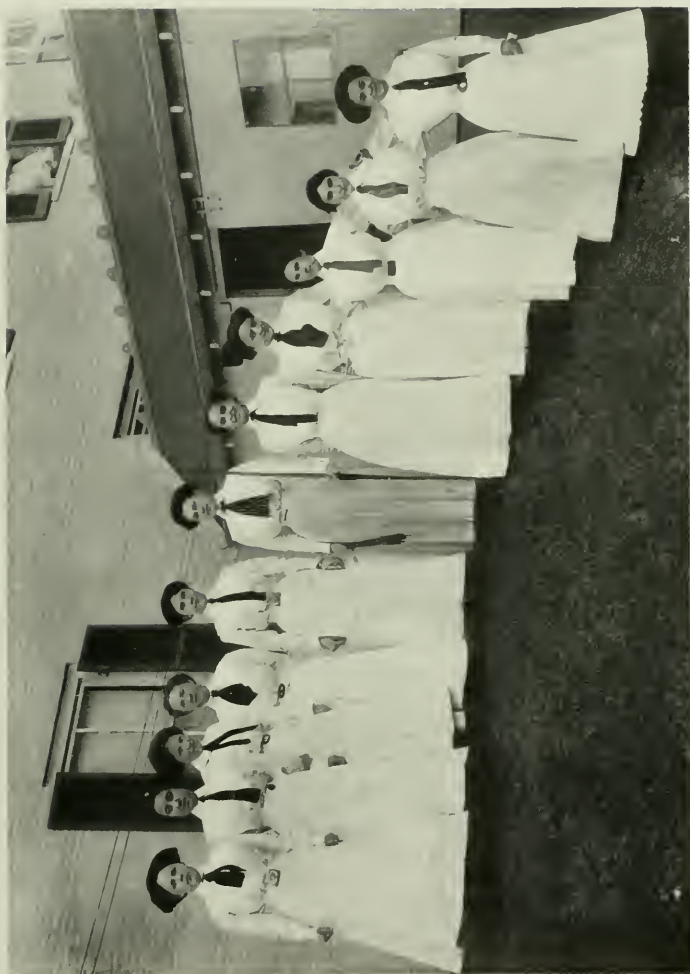
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LILLIAN HUGHES

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SECOND VIOLINS

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MARGARET HOOD

FIRST MANDOLINS

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KATHRYN EFFINGER

EVELYN PRATT

KATIE OSBORNE

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ISABELLE COFFEY

GUITARS

MARGARET GILKESON

ELMA GARDNER

PIANOS

ELIZABETH BROOKE

KATE HUMPHRY

ORGAN

FAY STINSON

KETTLE-TONES

HELEN DEAN



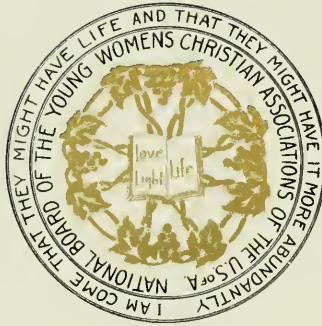
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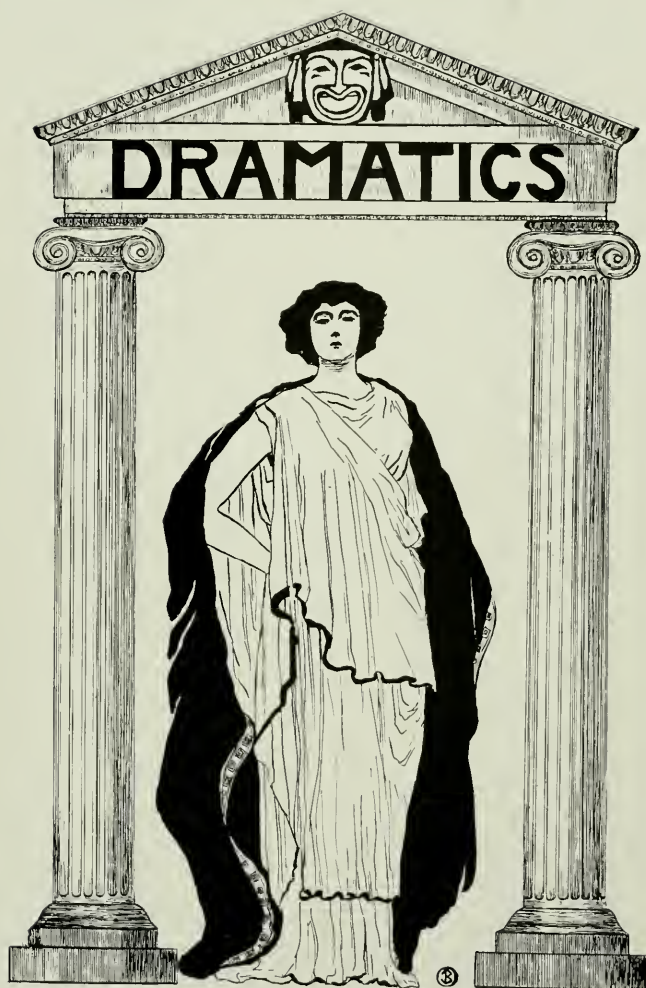
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MARTHA SHREVE
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Entertainment

by

The Mary Baldwin Literary Society

Saturday Evening, December 11, 1909

Seven-thirty o'clock.

- I. Song. "I wish I had a Girl"

Solo by Miss Lillie May Loving.

Chorus by Misses Beard, Burleson, Bollons, Howard, Cooper, Gardner,
Chenoweth and Cameron.

- II. "A Straw Man" Farce in One Act

Cast

Rita Richards, a "live" girl Miss Beulah Moody
Florence Clayton, her guest Miss Mary Heath
Gaston Morrell, engaged to Rita N. Cooper
Tom Tracy, a guest of Rita M. Walton
Dennis, the gardener R. Andrews

Time: The present.

Scene: A garden nook.

Dramatic Recital

For the Benefit of the

KING'S DAUGHTERS' HOSPITAL

at the

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY

Friday, February 11th, 1910, at 8:00 o'clock p. m.

PROGRAM

COMEDIETTA—"A Fair Encounter," by

C. M. RAE

CHARACTERS

Lady Clara St. John.....Miss Laura Ward Wise
Mrs. Celia Grenville.....Miss Mervin Ray

SCARF DRILL AND TABLEAUX

By Misses Virginia Blackwell, Lida Brown, Elizabeth Coombs, Clara Gray, Sarah Harrison, Alice Hull, Sallie Jarvis, Zora Laird, Clifford Lindsey, George May, Mary Munger, Helen Pole.

Pianist, Miss Elizabeth Brooke

COMEDY—"The Dress Rehearsal"

E. C. Miller
P. P. Carroll

CHARACTERS

The Telephone—which is responsible for all the trouble.

Nancy Blythe, the Heroine.....Miss Virginia Watson Switzer
Agnes Middleman, the Peacemaker.....Miss Nannie May Robertson
Miss Cavendish.....Miss Mary Heath
Lucy.....Miss Mary Walker
Tom Travers.....Miss Elma Gardner
Dick Dunder.....Miss Julia Tate

Harold Huntington, or "Cousin Nat," who never appears.

Dramatic Entertainment

By Miss Frost's Pupils

April 22d, 1910

I. COMEDIETTA—"Cordial Relations."

CHARACTERS

Miss Dorothy Foster.....Miss Mervin Ray
Mr. Samuel Travers Carter.....Miss Julia Bell Tate

II. "A Rose o' Plymouth Town."

CHARACTERS

Miles Standish.....Miss Florence Howard
Captain of Plymouth.

Garrett Foster.....Miss Laura Ward Wise
Of Weston's Men.

John Margeson.....Miss Julia Tate
Of the Plymouth Colonists.

Philippe de La Noye.....Miss Elma Gardner
Of the Plymouth Colonists.

Miriam Chillingsley.....Miss Sallie Williams
Cousin to the Captain.

Barbara Standish.....Miss Mary Heath
Wife to the Captain.

Resolute Story.....Miss Mary Walker
Aunt to the Captain

Rose de La Noye.....Miss Virginia Switzer
Place: Plymouth in New England.
Time: 1622.

The Artistic Touch

NO, there is no use in trying to persuade me; I must do as mother wishes, and besides, I don't know half enough. Why, I don't even know what is meant by 'The Holy Roman Empire,' though I wouldn't ask, 'What are Keats?' "

"Well, in the first place, I think your mother is cruel."

"Now, you must not say a word about mother; of course she knows best; and besides, you wouldn't want Mrs. George Park Van Court to shock people with her poor French."

"Oh, pshaw! Louise, what do I care about your French?"

"You know mother thinks we imagine we are in love, but that we will both soon recover when we are separated, so I have promised her to try to be heart-whole until I return from school, a perfectly finished young lady, able to play the Flower Song on the piano and to paint calendars and place cards."

"I believe you are behind these plans to go packing off to a finishing school to eat candy and spoil your complexion and to read French novels and alienate your love from America and her people, and chiefly myself."

"Now, don't be foolish; you know I can't bear French novels, but mother said—"

"Oh! I know what your mother said. We must be separated; I am not to call on you, or write to you, or send you flowers, or—"

"Yes, all those horrid things and a score more. I begged her not to be so exacting, but it was no use."

"Did you? I am glad you care that much."

For an answer to this he received a look which was better than words.

"I am sorry, but you must go now, for I have my packing to do."

"Neither you nor your mother need think I am not going to see and talk to you, for I most certainly am, and still I will not break our promises."

"Yes, there is the telephone, but as we are not allowed to correspond, I know we are not to use it."

Then the two said good-bye with many promises on both sides. As soon as Miss Louise Hamilton heard the street door close, she ran to the drawing-room window to wave a last farewell and then sat down, moved by conflicting emotions—sorrow at her fate and curiosity to know how George would man-

age it. For a few minutes it looked as though she might weep, but curiosity conquered and set imagination to work. She could not think what he meant, still George always kept his word, so she went off to her packing feeling much better.

George hastened to his studio, lighted his pipe, turned a picture around in disgust, kicked at an easel and finally seated himself in a big chair, prepared to think. When he made his boast of seeing his sweetheart and talking with her, he had not an idea of how he would do it, but he was determined to keep his word.

"I can't wait until school is out before I see her. Mrs. Hamilton is a very sweet and sensible little lady, but she is certainly mistaken about our love affair. The very idea of my not being sure I am in love with Louise! Why, she is the only girl in the world for me! Let me see; how shall I manage it? It would not do to be a butler, or baker, or cook, for I would not get to see her that way." After these thoughts had passed through his brain, he sat for a while looking intently at every object in the room as if searching each for an inspiration. Finally his glance fell upon a miniature of Miss Martha Lancaster.

Miss Martha was an old flame of Uncle Chan's and a sister to Miss Matilda Lancaster. "I have it! I will paint her portrait for the school; they always have a lot of family pictures in schools of that sort. But what is the use? That would be studio work, and I wouldn't get into the school even to hang it. No, that won't do. Let me see. Miss Martha is dead; a memorial will be the thing!" Then his eye fell on the half-finished frescoes of his studio.

"Oh! I have it, if I can get Uncle Chandler to play the hypocrite!" No sooner said than the pipe was thrown down and the young artist hurried off to see his jolly old uncle.

* * * * *

"That's all very well, my boy, but I had only a slight acquaintance with the lady, though I have a miniature of her—I believe it is in your studio now. I took her to a Colonial Ball one night; she certainly was a pretty girl, but she went abroad the next day and I never saw her again. I believe she died in Naples."

"Never mind that, Uncle Chan, I can manufacture the artistic side of it. That night at the ball you remained in the conservatory during the intermission (or did you have intermissions in those days?). You held her fan—it was a broad white one made of ostrich tips, and you fanned and fanned her until she was nearly frozen, but too polite to ask you to stop. She gave you a rose and told you about her expected trip and how she would miss all her old friends—and one new one. And maybe she promised you a post-card, but I hope you were spared that. Anyway she went abroad, and did one of the most

poetic things on earth, according to Edgar Allan Poe—died. I am glad I am an artist instead of a poet. Well, you have remained a bachelor all your life and now you wish to place a memorial to her in the school. Don't you see it all?"

"Well, I confess you have added the artistic touches, all right. I almost wish it were true. But it sounds rather far-fetched, and I am afraid Miss Matilda may see through it. I love you, my boy, and I am sure I shall love your little sweetheart, so I will write the letter and arrange matters with Miss Matilda."

"Thank you, Uncle Chan, you are always good!" George then left to complete his plans, and Uncle Chan sat for quite a while in a reminiscent mood.

* * * * *

Louise sat in her room at Miss Lancaster's School for Young Ladies. To tell the truth, she had a severe case of *ennui*. There was a box of bon-bons on the window seat and a huge bunch of violets on the table, but as neither bore George's card, the candy had no taste and the flowers no fragrance. Just then a head was thrust in the door.

"Louise! Louise! have you heard about the memorial? The best-looking fellow you ever saw!"

"For goodness' sake—what are you talking about? Has some one donated a good-looking young man as a memorial?"

"Of course not, but haven't you heard about it? You don't look interested, so I won't waste my story on you."

"Come back here, Jane, and eat some candy and tell me about it."

"My, this is good! No, I can't possibly eat any more now. Well, you know Miss Matilda had a sister Martha, who died when she was a young lady, and it seems there was some gentleman in love with her, and he has never married, and he is having the East Room frescoed as a memorial to her. Isn't it just lovely? But I forgot to tell you about the painter. He is a rising young artist, the old gentleman's nephew. I had a peep at him a while ago. Oh, yes! he told Miss Purnell to bring the whole art class in to see his work, and she is going to take us tomorrow. My, I am all out of breath!"

"I should think you would be. Stop leaning on that door and come over here and sit down."

"No, I can't stay; I must go tell the other girls."

The next day the girls went to see the artist at work. Miss Purnell ushered them into the big East Room where already part of the work was finished. There at the lower end of the room stood the artist, palette in hand, awaiting his visitors. His eyes swiftly shifted from one face to the other in search of Louise, who was the last one to come in. She stood still, but only for a mo-

ment, then she returned his look without any sign of recognition. The beautiful scenes and figures were admired, and then the artist suggested that each girl should add one touch of the brush to his work. When Louise's turn came, she and George (for it was really he) had time for a little conversation, interrupted several times by Miss Purnell asking her to hurry.

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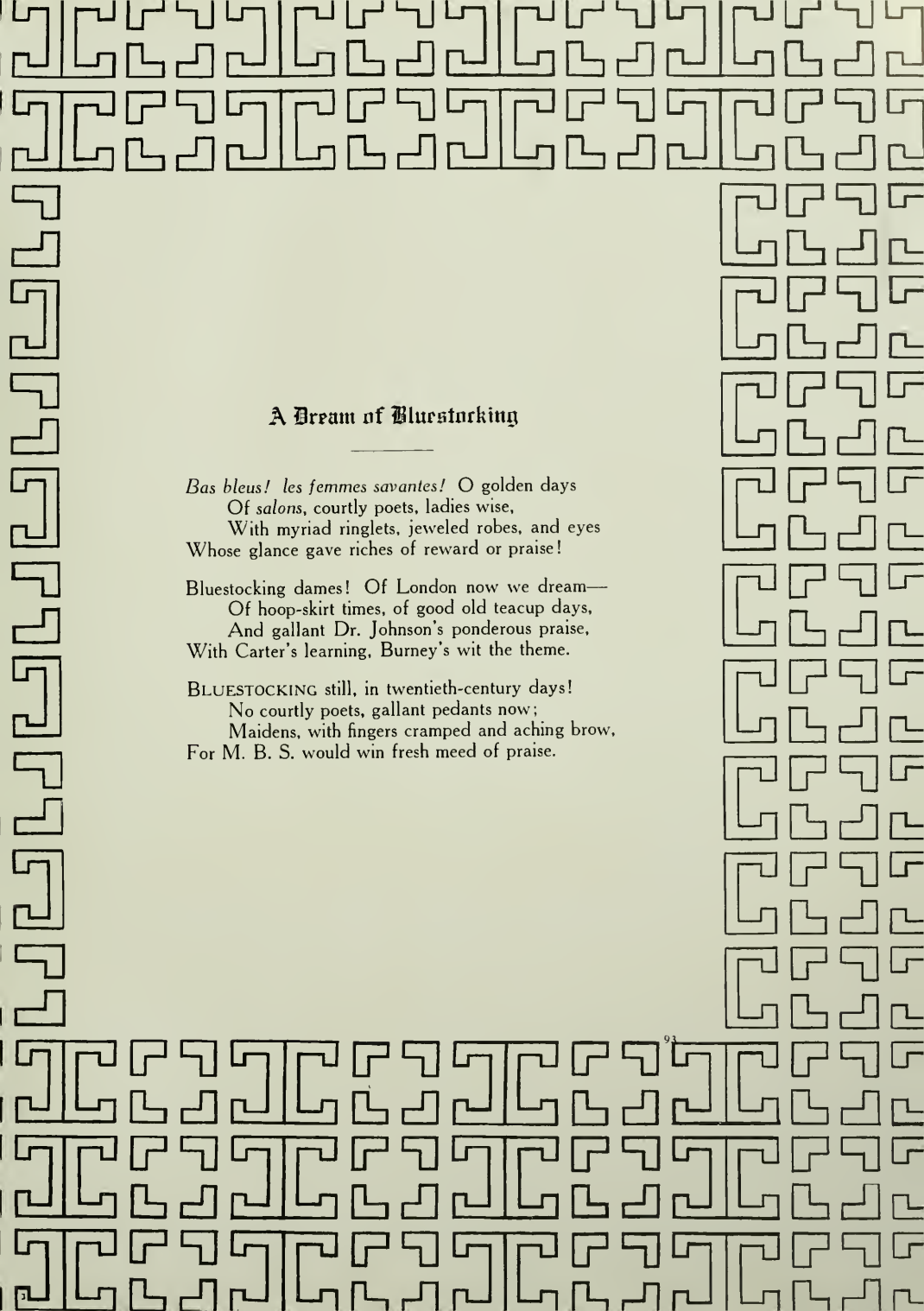
A few days afterwards, Mrs. Hamilton sat in her room reading a letter from her daughter. Having read it a second time, she folded it and sat thinking. "Bless those two sweet children; it does seem a shame to keep them apart when they don't seem to mind going to any amount of trouble to see each other. I believe theirs is real love and not a childish fancy. I don't see how he thought it all out—and dear Louise, as true as ever. I can't forget that I was young once myself, and that Jack Hamilton gave up a year's travel so he could be near me. Well, I don't think such obedience and honesty on her part, and such determination and ingenuity on his should go unrewarded. So I shall allow him the same privileges which her other friends enjoy."

* * * * *

Soon after Louise and George were married, he painted a beautiful picture of Miss Martha Lancaster by the aid of the miniature and Uncle Chan's description of how she looked that night. It was always a source of amusement to the young couple to watch Uncle Chan gazing at the picture, seemingly as happy in his manufactured romance as they were in their real one.

REBA ANDREWS.





A Dream of Bluestocking

Bas bleus! les femmes savantes! O golden days
Of salons, courtly poets, ladies wise,
With myriad ringlets, jeweled robes, and eyes
Whose glance gave riches of reward or praise!

Bluestocking dames! Of London now we dream—
Of hoop-skirt times, of good old teacup days,
And gallant Dr. Johnson's ponderous praise,
With Carter's learning, Burney's wit the theme.

BLUESTOCKING still, in twentieth-century days!
No courtly poets, gallant pedants now;
Maidens, with fingers cramped and aching brow,
For M. B. S. would win fresh meed of praise.

My Mother's Diary

SEPTEMBER 5, 188—. Just three days ago I left home, and here I am at boarding-school. I haven't been homesick at all, so far, and am glad too, for the whole family predicted that I would be, and didn't want me to come until I was older. I have decided to keep a diary of all my good times so I can read it when I get old. I felt right funny when I got here last night. A little colored girl named Chaney came to the door and took me into Miss Baldwin's office. Miss Baldwin kissed me as if she had known me all my life, and said she thought I was mighty brave to come off to school when I was so little—I am the youngest girl in school. She then told Chaney to take me to my room in Brick House. Chaney is the funniest little girl I ever saw. She talks all the time and told me all the younger girls were put on the third floor of Brick House and that my room was right over "Miss Mary Julia's." There are two other girls in my room and they are "dears." They talked lots last night and laughed at me when I told them about the good times I have at home on the ranch. They seem to think that every one from Texas carries pistols, and were very much surprised at me. I was wakened this morning by the rising bell and heard a most peculiar shuffling noise. I crept to the door and peeped out, and there was the funniest old colored man, walking up and down, ringing the bell as hard as he could. The girls call him "Uncle Chess" and he belonged to Miss Baldwin's father, and she keeps him because he is so devoted to her. We had breakfast about eight o'clock. The dining-room is awfully big and at one end is a long table. Miss Agnes McClung sits at one end of it and the housekeeper (I've forgotten her name) at the other. They have all sorts of meat on this table, especially hams, and the waiters serve the other tables from it. After breakfast, one of the girls showed me around the place. It is beautiful from the front. The grounds are covered with flowers—geraniums, pinks, phlox and salvia, and on each side of the walk is a big fountain. Miss Baldwin was in the yard talking to the gardener about the flowers. She was carrying a parrot on her hand and Elizabeth says that she always takes the parrot with her. She must love pets, and birds especially, for the porch of Main Building is hung from one end to the other with cages—canaries and all sorts of birds are in them. One of the parrots scared me half to death by screaming, "Walk in!" I went to classes all morning. The class-rooms are

in the funniest little building. It used to be a bowling alley, but the girls didn't use it much so it was divided into class-rooms. It is rather pretty from the outside for it is covered over with vines, but it is rather crowded inside.

OCTOBER 10TH. Well, I've had lots of fun today. I got so tired of being kept in here that I couldn't stand it any longer, so I ran off again and went to the Fair Grounds. This is the third time now, and I have never been caught. There is a lovely little lake out there, and I go in wading and slip back here while Miss Baldwin is out for her drive. The funniest thing happened last night. Mr. Kidwell (the night watchman) forgot to chain Miss Baldwin's big dog, Leo, and Miss Crawford came in late from some party with her lover and Leo almost tore him to pieces. Miss Crawford ran into the house and the man jumped the fence. Leo is very fierce at night and won't allow a strange man on the place.

OCTOBER 17TH. I was just starting to make another trip to the Fair Grounds today when Miss Baldwin sent for me. She said she had known all along about my going, and had made Uncle Chess follow and see that nothing harmed me. She said she knew just how I felt, being used to such a free life, but she thought that I had been here long enough to be used to staying in. She certainly is dear. I had to go to office this morning for not studying and for being so noisy. I really don't mind going much for it's lots of fun. All sorts of people come in to see Miss Baldwin while we are there, and then she doesn't give us very hard tasks. She talks so sweetly to us after it's over, and this morning she kissed me and got me some oranges out of a closet in the corner. I stayed and talked to her for a long time and she told me the funniest story about herself and Miss Agnes. It seems that after the war they were very poor. They economized in every way to save as much as possible for the school, and with this idea in view, they decided to paint the parlor themselves. Miss Baldwin got up on a step-ladder and was painting away when she lost her balance and fell off. The paint fell, too, and got all over her dress. She went upstairs and put on her other dress (she had only two) but as she had only one pair of shoes, she had to keep them on after trying to clean them with benzine. That night was prayer-meeting night and, as usual, she and Miss Agnes went together. Soon after they got there, Miss Agnes began to look around and wonder what the curious odor was (the mixture of leather, paint and benzine must have smelled curious, sure enough). When glancing around her eyes fell on Mr. Wayt, a druggist here in Staunton, and turning to Miss Baldwin, Miss Agnes indignantly said, "I wish Howard Wayt would leave his drugs at home when he comes to prayer-meeting." Miss Baldwin thinks this is the funniest joke. She told me some other stories, too, but I haven't time to write them now.

DECEMBER 24TH. I haven't been able to write in my diary for a long time, but there's been very little to write about. We had lots of fun Thanksgiving and the nicest things to eat. Some of us sent Chaney down street to get some things, and we had a regular feast Thanksgiving night. Last week Miss Baldwin's favorite parrot died (the one she carried around with her all the time) and she was so distressed. I went down to the office one morning, and there she sat with the bird on a pillow in her lap, and Dr. Wayt was standing there saying, "A very sick bird, Miss Baldwin, a very sick bird," and Miss Baldwin was crying as though her heart would break. Tomorrow is Christmas, and we have holiday. The girls who live near here are going home, but of course I can't, because I live too far away. I don't mind staying, though, because Miss Baldwin is so lovely to us. She took two of us out driving with her this morning, and I had to hold her little dog on my lap the whole way.

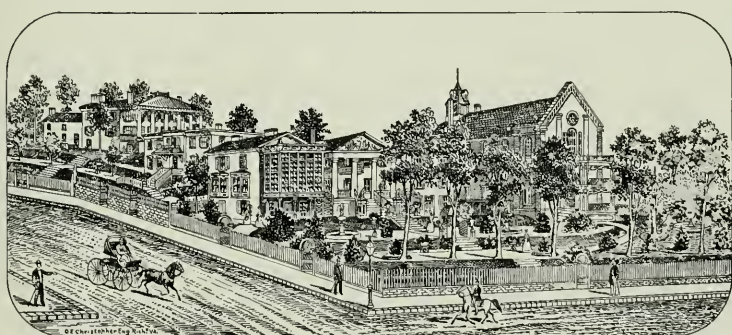
APRIL 23D. I've been studying hard since Christmas so haven't had time to write in my diary. We're preparing for examination now. Last night we had a regular feast. My roommates and I got a ham-bone (all of us try to get them, and speak for them before the ham's half gone) and with a plate full of rolls, took it to our room—got a lot off of it. I had two helpings of dessert today at dinner. You can have it till it gives out, and I generally eat so slow it gives out before I get more, but today I hurried. We're all beginning to bleach our hands now for Commencement. They would make a horrible contrast to our arms if we didn't, but it's mighty disagreeable to wear gloves all the time. I lost my sunbonnet today. I mustn't forget to get another, for I can't leave the house without it or my complexion will be ruined. The girls have such pretty sunbonnets this year. They're made out of dark green cambric, stiffened with pasteboard, and some of the girls look lovely in them.

MAY 10TH. I finished my last examination today. There were lots of girls in it, and we had a time bringing the tables down to the Gym. Each girl has to have one. The exam started at nine o'clock and we didn't finish till almost six, stopping only long enough for dinner. The girls were dear about writing notes of sympathy, and I got one or two every time the door opened. I passed on all of my examinations and Miss Baldwin said she was proud of me.

MAY 24TH. Commencement is over and I'm going home in the morning. I want to write all about it in here so I can look back on it. Miss Baldwin had us in her office Sunday afternoon to teach us our Sunday-School lesson for the last time, and then talked to us so beautifully about going away. She has had all of us younger girls every Sunday this year teaching us our next week's lesson, and after that telling us stories. This morning the medals and

prizes were given, and then we hugged and kissed the girls who got them. Lots of the girls left this afternoon and you never saw such weeping and kissing. Tonight Miss Baldwin had three other girls and me in her room for prayers; she has had us several times this year, and we always feel very much honored. She makes me feel as if I would never do anything wrong again, and her prayers are perfectly beautiful. I never shall forget that last night in her room, and I'm going to try and see if I can't grow up to be a woman just like her.

M. B. G.



School Song

TUNE—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."


*M. B. S. the name we sing,
And our voices proudly ring,
As we join the mighty chorus full and strong.
Though our paths divided be,
We are loyal, true to thee,
Home of the happiest schoolgirl days—the M. B. S.*

CHORUS:

*White and yellow float forever,
Colors bravest and the best;
Hark! the echoes catch the strain,
Sounding back the glad refrain;
White and yellow float forever,
M. B. S.*

*On the hillside green she stands,
Beacon-light to distant lands,
While the colors float above her fair and free.
Daughters fond from far and near
Pay a loving tribute here;
Fame hath wreathed the portals old of M. B. S.*

A Dream of the Past

 LITTLE old lady, dressed in soft black, sits by an open fire in a cozy and comfortable living-room. The waning glow of a winter's sun is lighting up her silver hair. Her attitude is that of a dreamer, and indeed, her thoughts have gone back to her girlhood days. In her hand there lies a very ancient cameo ring of curious workmanship. Upon the strata-like stone are exquisitely carved in profile the portraits of a man and a woman of Greek type. The gray-white faces gleam with life-like brilliancy against a background of darker material.

¶ As she looks at the ring she remembers the day it was sent to her, a family heirloom given, long ago, to one of her name by a wealthy Greek, as a mark of special favor. As she gazes upon the pure countenance of the maiden, carved there in stone, the features seem to grow tense and then relax, as though awaking from a long sleep. Almost instantly she hears a faint, sweet voice, which comes seemingly from the tiny head upon her ring: "If you wish, I will tell you my history, and a story of far-away Greece." Without waiting for her assent, the voice continues: "Near Athens, on the shore of the Ægean Sea, there lived a maiden called Hermione. Almost an orphan, for she had no mother, and her father spent most of his time in Athens, she lived a quiet, secluded life, attended by her servants and teacher. Content to watch the shifting clouds and the ever-changing sea, dotted here and there by sails, she dwelt there in ignorance of the world and its passions. She had never really experienced love or hate, in the deeper sense of the words. She considered every living creature her friend.

¶ "Hermione was accustomed to spend a part of every day alone upon the shore near her home. One day, as she walked meditatively along, she suddenly looked up and encountered the gaze of an unknown person. She thought he was at least a messenger of the gods, on account of his youth, manly beauty and physique. In one hand he held a colored stone, partially carved, and in the other a small pointed instrument. As she approached, he went toward her asking who she was and whence she came. She talked to him without the least embarrassment for a few moments and then went on her way. This was their first meeting. Their acquaintance gradually deepened and ripened into

something more than mere friendship. He told her of his past life, of his ambitions and plans for the future. He showed her how he carved the tiny figures in relief upon the stones, and even gave her lessons in the art. She learned quickly and soon became quite proficient.

¶ "One day Hermione did not come to their trysting-place, and disconsolately he wandered up and down. She did not appear for several days. As he could think of no one else, he carved the profile of her face upon a bit of stone. As an after-thought, he cut out his own features just behind hers, thus forming a double background for her portrait. Little did he dream how very far back he would appear in the background of her life's picture. Finally she came—not joyfully and blithely, as was her custom, but sorrowfully, with downcast eyes. She told him that her father had returned from Athens, bringing the news of her betrothal to the son of an old friend. She told him, too, that in a few weeks, she would leave, never to return to this home of her childhood. Then they both realized, as never before, what each meant to the other, and what a blank the future seemed in view of their separation. For a few moments both were wrapped in thought, and then, breaking the silence, she told him that neither fate nor her father's will could be turned aside. However, she suggested that they should make the best of these few remaining weeks. He nodded sadly, for he, too, knew that the fates were unchangeable. Ah, those last glorious hours together, how quickly they slipped by!

¶ "When the day of parting came, they said farewell without murmuring over their lot, without even expressing their wish that a romance scarcely begun be allowed to continue. And when he said good-bye, he gave her the cameo, which he had made into a ring, asking her to keep and cherish it for his sake. I am that likeness of Hermione."

¶ The voice stopped. With a stare the little old lady straightened up in her easy chair and realized that it was only "A Dream of the Past."

MARGARET PEALE.

"Little Girl I Used To Be"

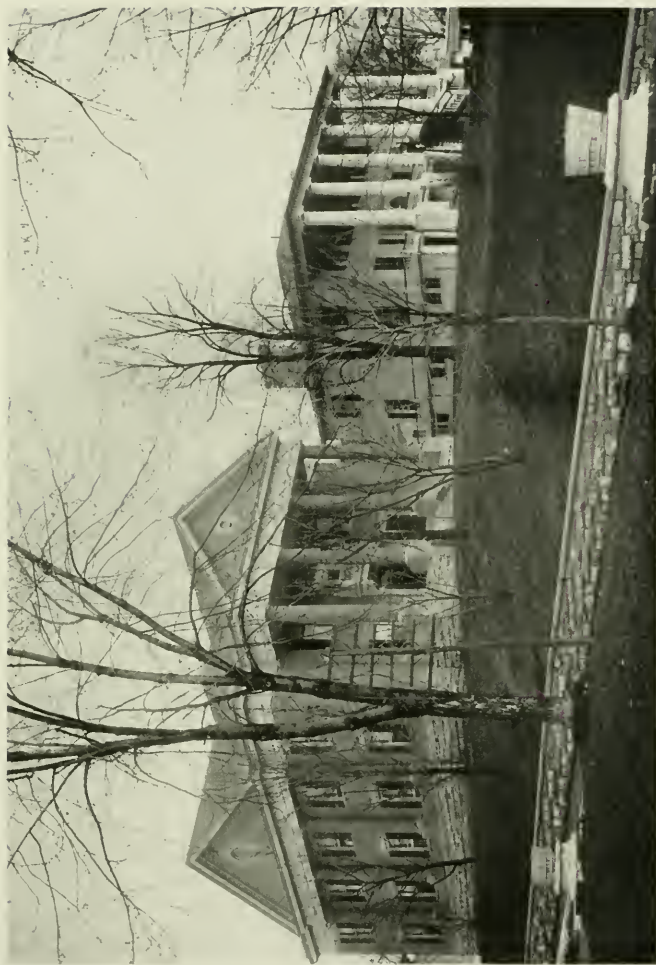
*From out the bygone years she calls,
A-calling soft to me;
She smiles and nods and bobs her curls,
And laughs right merrily.*

*She's such a funny, odd, wee mite,
So happy all day long;
She's into mischief—out again;
She sings her strange, quaint song.*

*She isn't a proper, prim little girl,
This child that calls to me,
But, oh, the prayers and hopes for you,
Little girl, I seem to see!*

*The years have passed, the child has grown,
And yet I strive to be
All that was prayed and hoped for you,
Little girl, I used to be.*

Nancy' Cooper



MEMORIAL HALL AND HILL-TOP



The Passing of the Rat



I.

If Scott or Dickens were only here,
Or even our friend, Mr. William Shakespeare—
To tell you in lines that rhyme at the end
Of rats and puffs and curls that won't bend!

II.

But this is my tale, so lend me thine ears,
And hear what has happened in only two years.
In that little time our heads have outgrown
The size of our bodies—a fact that's well known.

III.

We wore rats big as bolsters, all striving to look
Like monsters whose pictures we see in a book.
They bulged at the sides with the width of a yard,
Some slicked them with soap, and others used lard.

IV.

But the sides were not in it with what came behind—
The weight nearly caused me the loss of my mind;
Rats stuffed in puffs, psyches large, and some small
Curls in great numbers around them did fall.

V.

Things reached a climax—I feared civil strife.
Men wouldn't have us—no thought of a wife
When hair was par value and almost each girl
Would go without lunch just to buy a new curl.



VI.

But no! 'way in Paris some hair-dresser rose,
And said on account of the size of her nose
The style she would change to the other extreme—
Which caused many faces around her to beam.



VII.

Out went the news to the ends of the world,
And wrote itself deep in the heart of each girl.
Off came the puffs and the psyche soon came,
While curls fell like rain from both maiden and dame.

VIII.

Then straight to the hair-dressers they flew, to invest
In switches and braids, the new fashion to test.
Both smearing and swathing were shortly the rage
Of every dear woman, no matter the age.

IX.

Schools let out early and business men massed
On corners, to watch the new style as it passed;
Their comments, 't is true, were not wise or polite,
They'd say just too loud, "Ain't that girl there a sight?"



X.

But hearken, ye maids, while the fashion is in,
And use your best efforts a husband to win;
As soon as it changes, your chances are few,
For men will go crazy—then what will you do?

ELIZABETH C. BROOKE.

The Comedy of the Season

CHARACTERS

Mary	}Old Girls
Clara		
Betty Brooke	}New Girls
Earle Neil		
Parson Teague		

Place: Baldwin's.

Time: The Present.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—(*On upper terrace at M. B. S. Five girls are walking up and down—among them, Betty.*)

BETTY—Oh, isn't this place lovely? I am crazy about the buildings and teachers and girls, but somehow I don't seem to find my affinity among them.

ALL—Hope we don't feel bad!

BETTY—Oh, well, of course you understand that such things are born, not made. Who is that coming up the hill? (*A girl is seen coming up the hill, followed by several others. She is tall and dark, is talking rapidly—carries a suitcase and has on a traveling suit and hat.*)

MARY—Oh, that's Earle Neil, isn't she great? Hello! So glad to see you (*rushes up and embraces her*). What have you been doing all summer? Where are you rooming and who is your roommate? When is Beulah coming? Do come out and talk to me when you get your hat off. (*Earle goes in Hill-top.*)

BETTY—Oh, why didn't you introduce me? I am crazy about her; believe she is my affinity. Don't ever let a chance like that slip again. Let's go hear the mail called. (*They go down hill.*)

SCENE 2.—*Same place. Evening.*

(*Earle is seen walking with Mary on the terrace.*)

EARLE—Yes, Jack and I had an awful fuss just two weeks ago and I gave him back his K A pin. It nearly broke my heart, too. Well, who's

who here? Oh, I forgot to ask you—who was that stunning blonde out here when I came this morning?

MARY—That's Betty Brooke.

EARLE—Cute name, and I'll bet she is just as cute. Do introduce me when you get a chance. (*Betty comes out of Memorial with Clara, and they meet Earle and Mary.*)

BETTY AND CLARA—Hello, Mary!

MARY—Oh, hello! come and stroll along with us. Do excuse me, I forgot—Miss Brooke and Miss Kent, let me introduce Miss Neil.

ALL—So glad to meet you!

(*Betty and Earle both blush and get as far away from each other as possible. They all walk away together.*)

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*The Gym. A few days later, after supper.*

(*Earle and Betty are seen talking.*)

EARLE—Won't you give me the next dance?

BETTY—Delighted, I'm sure. Do you guide?

EARLE—Well, I try to. (*Aside to girl at piano*) Rose, play "Garden of Dreams," and make it slow and real long.

(*They dance off looking at each other understandingly.*)

SCENE 2.—*The Gym—the next night.*

(*Intermission between dances—Earle and Betty are talking earnestly by piano.*)

BETTY—But Earle, I am sure I said the fourth, and this next one is the third.

EARLE—Yes, I'll bet you are going to give it to Ruth; hang the luck. I don't stand any show with you. You promised me this dance, but if you would rather dance with some one else, I don't care. Hope you'll enjoy it. (*She walks off indignantly just as the music starts.*)

BETTY—Well, I'm sure I can be indifferent, too. (*Dances off with Ruth, laughing.*)

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*The Terrace. 6:30 p. m.*

(*Clara and Mary are walking together.*)

CLARA—Oh, isn't it awful about Betty and Earle? They had a dreadful fuss and aren't speaking. Betty told me all about it, and she is just heartbroken.

MARY—Earle told me about it, too, and she is so worried that she has lost her appetite—only ate two rolls for supper.

CLARA—We must do something to make them make up. Oh, I have it. You get Earle and I'll get Betty. Let's bring them out here after study-hall and let's see what we can do about it. Don't you think that would be a good plan?

MARY—Yes, indeed, let's do that. I have been so distressed about them. There's the bell, let's run and make our dates. *(They go in.)*

SCENE 2.—*Same—Moonlight—9:30 p. m.*

(Enter Clara and Betty from Memorial and Earle and Mary from Sky High. They pass each other once, but the second time they stop.)

CLARA—Oh, Mary! I got a letter from Jane tonight and she sent you more messages.

MARY—Really! I haven't heard from her in ages and am dying to hear all about it. *(All four begin to walk together. Earle and Betty on the opposite sides, neither of them speaking.)*

CLARA—I read the letter in such a hurry I didn't quite take it in. But there was lots of news, and she said, I think, that she is coming up here next month.

MARY—For goodness sake! I am wild to see it. Where is it? In your room? Do go and get it.

CLARA—Why, we couldn't read it by the moonlight, and besides Earle and Betty would be bored to death. You all do excuse us while we run in and read it. We'll be back in a few minutes. *(They go in Hilltop. Earle and Betty stand looking at each other. After a few minutes, both smile.)*

EARLE—Forgive me, Betty dear, for being so hasty and foolish.

BETTY—Oh, I forgave you long ago, in fact, I never was angry but thought that I had to act so, since you were really mad.

EARLE—How silly we have both been! Now dearest, promise me it will never, never happen again.

BETTY—I do, I do.

(They walk arm in arm, and after a while sit down behind the honeysuckle bush.)

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*A month later. Lower hall of Hilltop.*

(Girls run in and out, carrying screens, paper roses, candles, etc., to the end of the hall. Mary and Clara enter, the former in evening dress and train, with hair down her back. Clara in full evening suit, tie and collar in hand.)

CLARA—Oh, dear! I can't get this collar fixed—for goodness' sake help me.

MARY—I will if you'll fix my hair in puffs. I just can't get it up. Oh,

I'm so excited over the wedding. Come on in my room and let's dress each other. (*They disappear into room.*)

SCENE 2.—*The same—an hour later.*

(*Altar is arranged at one end of the hall—candles and flowers. Guests seated on trunks down both sides of hall. Orchestra, on rear steps above altar, plays Lohengrin's wedding march. Enter two flower girls. Two by two, the groomsmen and bridesmaids come in. Enter lady in black, long train—grey hair—handkerchief to eyes, on arm of usher. Enter Betty, wearing a handsome lace curtain arranged as a veil, carrying bride's roses, on arm of small grey-haired gentleman with a goatee. She is joined at altar by Earle in a very tight collar and rumpled blue suit. They stand up before a sheet-clad figure and the following ceremony takes place while orchestra softly plays "Merry Widow".*)

PARSON TEAGUE—Dearly beloved, we are gathered together in the presence of these M. B. S. lodgers to join together these two in heavenly bliss, which is a very honorable estate. Into this company these two people come to be united. If any one has any just reason why these two may not lawfully be joined, let him speak now or forever afterwards hold his peace. Earle, wilt thou have this person to be thy adorable pet, to live together after our ordinance in the estate of heavenly bliss? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, so long as ye both shall live at M. B. S.?

EARLE—I will.

PARSON TEAGUE—Betty, wilt thou not only take, but also be the adorable pet of this person, and wilt thou love, honor and obey the same, and forsake all others so long as ye both shall live at M. B. S.?

BETTY—I will.

PARSON TEAGUE—Who giveth this maid in heavenly bliss to this person?

OLD GENTLEMAN (Ruth)—I do.

(*Earle repeats after Parson Teague*):—I, Earle, take thee, Betty, to be my adorable pet, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer or poorer, and promise to love thee better than all. Before Parson Teague I plight thee my troth.

(*Betty repeats after Parson Teague*): I, Betty, take thee, Earle, to be my adorable pet, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, to love, cherish and obey thee. Before Parson Teague I plight thee my troth.

(*Earle repeats after Parson Teague*): Betty, with this ring I thee wed, with all my worldly goods I thee endow, for the sake of all these people here.

PARSON TEAGUE—Upon those whom Parson Teague has joined together let no one intrude. Forasmuch as Earle and Betty have consented to be joined

together in excited padlock and have promised the same before us, and thereto have given and pledged their troth, side by each, and have declared the same by giving and receiving a ring, and by holding paws by the light of a candle, I, Parson Teague, do declare to this company here present that I make you—Earle and Betty—true lovers. Mothers, fathers, brethren and sistren, bless them and keep your eyes upon them both lest they spoon with others when they can't get each other. Let us beg this for the sake of all Hilltop Mansion lodgers.

(The bridal party walks slowly out amid showers of rice—orchestra plays wedding march.)

GUESTS—Oh! wasn't it grand?

CURTAIN.

NEWTON AND PEALE.



Baldwin's Fables

(With apologies to *Æsop*.)

I.

AN M. B. S. GIRL chanced to lay eyes on a young maiden wearing a huge pompadour—the season's latest style. She went straightway to her room, and after increasing the size of her rat, she turned to her roommates and said, "Was hers any bigger than mine?" "Oh, much bigger than that!" they cried. "How about this, then?" she anxiously asked, patting and puffing her hair, which was spread out over a still larger rat. "Nay, dear," they replied, "if you puff until no hair is left, yours would not be so large." Then the silly girl puffed and puffed and kept on putting in more rat until she had pulled all her hair out.

II.

A CERTAIN GIRL, who wore a braid to conceal her baldness, was out walking one day, when a sudden gust of wind carried away her braid. As this showed her bald spot, her friends all laughed at the odd figure she made, but she—far from being angry—laughed as heartily as they. "Is it any wonder," she asked, "that another woman's hair doesn't stay on my head, when even my own wouldn't do it?"

III.

A MAN and a suffragette were once arguing together about which sex had the greater power. The former called the attention of the woman to a monument on which was sculptured a man protecting a woman. "That proves nothing," answered the suffragette, "for if a woman had been the sculptor, she would have made the woman protecting the man."

IV.

A GIRL was one day entertaining a lot of friends in her room with an account of her own popularity when at home. "I have all the boys in town on my string," said she. "That's a fact, and if we were there I could show you some of the beautiful presents given me by the smitten ones." "What need is there to go home for presents?" answered a friend. "Just imagine you are there now and show us some of them."

V.

A LOT OF BALDWIN GIRLS met together one day to decide upon some way of getting out of walking in line. At last a bright girl proposed that they have a Track Team and run instead of going walking. They all approved heartily of the plan, but then a teacher arose and said, "It is all very well to talk of a Track Team, but pray tell me where you will have the Track?"

The Twelve Best Sellers at Baldwin's

"Sleeping Beauty"—JENNIE CRAVEN.

"Freckles"—HELEN MOORE.

"The Rivals"—LEY AND AGNES.

"The House of Mirth"—HILLTOP.

"The Soul Kiss"—LORRAINE GRAHAM.

"Our Mutual Friend"—MR. KING.

"Wanted: A Chaperone"—ELIZABETH BROOKE.

"Comrades"—PINDELL AND COFFEY.

"My Lady Caprice"—ELLA HOFFMAN.

"The Darrow Enigma"—SALLIE AND GRACE.

"The Virginian"—HESTER RIDDLE.

"Vanity Fair"—MAY ROBERTSON.

Employment Bureau

MAIN OFFICE—M. B. S.

(N. B. Our advertisers are perfectly incapable and are guaranteed not to give satisfaction.)

WANTED—A position as a companion. Never lose my temper, always consider others' feelings and never fail in politeness and tact.—R. ANDREWS.

A reliable cook would like a position with a small family. Best references.—E. BROOKE.

PLACE WANTED—As contributors to any publication. We can furnish plays, stories or jokes on short notice.—NEWTON & PEALE.

WANTED—A place as a human talking machine. Need to be wound up only once a day. Latest records are "I'm getting fat" and "Have you seen Mr. Lusk?"—H. MOORE.

POSITION WANTED AS HAIR-DRESSER—Latest Styles. Guarantee to make your head either larger or smaller than everybody else's.—L. JENKINS.

A young lady of striking personality will give demonstrations in chewing gum and slamming doors. Terms reasonable.—I. WHITESIDE.

Concerts furnished by MEMORIAL GLEE CLUB, accompanied on mandolin by KATIE OSBORNE. Specialty, Sunday night performances. Patrons are asked to excuse unavoidable interruptions.

I am prepared to do charity work. Specialty, helping Annuals.—M. NEWTON.

I would like a position on the stage. Can dance and sing—special stunts are "Rainbow" and "Smarty."—C. ROWE.

WANTED—A position as instructor of the young in the art of being dignified.—E. WOODRUFF.

Agents wanted for my new book—"The Development of Conscience." Sales wonderful.—A. VANCE.

Assistance in all matters rendered on short notice. Weddings a specialty.—M. L. SWOPE.

We buy all stories, poems, essays, etc., on the M. B. S. Market. Agents wanted.—ANNUAL PUB. CO.

Learn scientific letter-writing from one who knows how. There is a big demand for good correspondents.—L. SCOTT.

I can furnish best references as a collector. All debts collected and only a small per cent. charged. Have had successful experience for past year.—K. E. TERRELL.

Position wanted as teacher of singing—hymns a specialty. Hours, 9-11 a. m.—H. SHAWEN.

WANTED—A place as teacher of Patience. Am full graduate of school of experience. Long hours no objection, as I am used to teaching it from 8:00 a. m. till 10:00 p. m.—B. LEFTWICH.

Wanted

WANTED—A tonic which will produce an appetite.—A. HULL.

WANTED—Information about the St. Cecilia.—E. HORN.

WANTED—A pair of number one shoes.—E. TEAGUE.

WANTED—Instructions in penmanship.—M. PEALE.

WANTED—A trip to Lexington.—M. HEATH.

WANTED—A wing.—G. GRAHAM.

WANTED—A "Mann."—M. GILKESON.

WANTED—A cage.—HIPPO.

All preachers' daughters who need advice as to conduct, etc., will be furnished with desired information by M. THACKER.

Found

A royal road to learning.—L. WISE.

How to rule the Bowery.—H. BEATTIE.

A new way of wearing a military buckle.—D. DUDLEY.

A convenient and useful method of fainting.—E. KEEN.

The rainbow.—A. SHARP.

The Morning After

1

A black wall blotched with red
The silence of the dead—
And wild blue lights that flare
And die—
My body numb and chilled,
The air around all filled
With noiseless shapes that flit
And fly.

2

A clammy, icy hand
My yielding throat has spanned,
And ghastly forms sit heavy on
My chest—
I can not breathe or move
Or stir those shapes above—
Those living shapes of sin all
Unconfessed.

3

Again the blue light flares,
A trumpet shrieks and blares,
And once again a silence falls
Around;
And now the light burns red,
With flesh the fire is fed
From bloody corpses scattered
On the ground.

4

At length I raise my eyes,
And there before me lies
Nothing but the foot of my
Own bed.
Again a sound I hear
But not a sound to fear—
'Tis the ringing of the breakfast bell
Instead.

5

RESOLVED:

So it's no more feasts for mine—
And nothing in that line—
When I feast hereafter it will be
Broad Day.
The girl that says to me,
"Let's have a midnight spree,"
Will get for answer, a most
Decided "Nay."

NANCY COOPER.

Lessons From Life

PHYSICS.

- DATA: (1) A P. C.
(2) Two hours of study-time in room.
(3) A history lesson.

APPLICATION:

P. C. avoids lesson. She spends the time writing letters, reading "Truxton King" and sewing buttons on waist.

CONCLUSION:

- (1) She misses lesson next day.
(2) Spends from three until four o'clock learning said lesson.

ARITHMETIC.

There are six girls in an inside Memorial room. The band is heard passing by—how many girls are left in room?

ANS.—None.

ALGEBRA.

- Let x = Hester
Let y = Elizabeth
Let 9:30 = time
Find $x + y$.

ANS.—At foot of Memorial back stairs.

- Let soirée = place
Let x = bench made to seat six girls
Let 7 = number of girls on bench.
Find how they may be comfortable.
ANS.—No answer has yet been found to this problem.

PSYCHOLOGY.

State your concept of a P. C. before and after attaining that dignity.

ANS.—During my first year at Mary Baldwin I looked with scorn upon

the humble privileged girl. From the depths of my heart I pitied her, because of her seeming obedience to every rule, and her constant fear of losing "my privileges."

At the beginning of my second year, I very indifferently received the honor of being made a P. C. But then my good times began, and I realized that life without privileges is not worth living. Indeed, so bent am I upon living up to my reputation as a P. C. and getting every possible joy (allowed or forbidden) out of life, that the two operations take up all my time, and leave me no leisure for studying.

Limericks

Earle Melon, a gay young sport
A maiden named Brooke did court,
Her friends they insisted
Till Parson Teague twisted
The knot which led them to port.

Kate, a sassy young flirt,
Invariably holds up her skirt;
To Miss Weimar one day
She said, "Let's to the play,"
From that time she ain't been so pert.

Miss Booth was a maiden quite bright,
Who tried to elope in the night;
But her roommates caught on,
And till early dawn,
They locked her in the closet so tight.

There was a young lady named Brooke,
Who wanted to be a good cook,
So to Baldwin's she came,
But found it in vain,
As her cooking utensils they took.

Hippo, a maiden so sweet,
Is constantly hiding her feet,

Her skirts sweep the ground
In efforts to drown
Their noise as she walks down the street.

QUERY—How can Miss Weimar prevent *Knox* on the uniform hat?

KATIE—I see on this menu that they had “pinmoney.” Wonder if it means that kind of pickles?

MARTHA—Oh, no, they probably were eating dough.

Mattie was a little Lamb,
At Baldwin's she went to school—
She was a privileged girl, you see,
For she never broke a rule.



Appreciations

Mr. King: "The greatest and most vital power in influencing life is personality."

Mary Munger: "Laughter holding both his sides."

Katie N.: "There is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability."

Mam'selle: "How poor are they who have not patience."

Mary LeMaster: "Unthinking, idle, wild and young."

Margaret Peale: "My mind to me a kingdom is."

Kathleen Adams: "Thy head is as full of complaints as an egg is full of meat."

Flossie: "But, oh, she dances such a way!"

Elizabeth Brooke: "The lady of many accomplishments."

Lillian Hughes: "With the hair of genius, but—."

Eleanor Teague: "Her feet like little (?) mice peeped in and out."

Helen Bollons: "The courageous captain of compliments."

Aline: "She could if she would, but she won't."

Margaret Webb: "Sweet sensibility, thou keen delight!"

Sallie Darrow: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."

Elma Gardner: "Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit."

Florence Hand: "She is of so free, so kind, so blessed a disposition (?) ."

Virginia B.: "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

Annie Bridgers: "'T is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

Irene: "Love is the only good in the world."

February Twenty-Second: "Awful night!"

George May: "Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good."

Katherine Preston: "I do but sing because I must."

Clara Gray: "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Lida: "Always at a distance, but never distant."

No. 6 Hilltop: "Hang sorrow; care will kill a cat, and therefore let's be merry."

Seven-Thirty, a. m.: "The more haste, ever the worse speed."

Lucile S.: "She would make sweet eyes at Caliban."

Pindell: "Let every man enjoy his whim,
What's he to me, or I to him?"

Helen Wilcox: "Grace was in all her steps."

Kate Earle: "I can not flatter."

Sara Moise: "Hold the fort! I am coming!"

Conway: "Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear
Thou ever wilt remain."

Elizabeth McCue: "Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."

Agnes F.: "Procrastination is the thief of time."

Louise J.: "The glass of fashion, and the mold of form."

Ella H.: "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

Ruth Beymer: "Of a very melancholy disposition(?)."

Hester: "I was born a Virginian, I will live a Virginian, and I shall die a Virginian."

Eleanor and May: "What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove."

Fay Stinson: "A most proper, painstaking individual."

Mary and Wanda: "All we ask is to be let alone."

Mr. King: "I have praised you when you have well deserved ten times as much as I have said you did."

Virginia McDavid: "She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Corinne: "Madam, altho' I speak it in your presence, you have a noble and a true conceit."

Mr. King: "The kindest man,

The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies."

Martha Starke: "Whate'er she did, was done with so much ease."

Katie Osborne: "She wears her clothes as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork."

Senior Lit.: "Time elaborately thrown away."

Esther B.: "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Nancy: "Who says in verse what others say in prose."

Emily Bridgers: "The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

H. W.: "What's so tedious as a twice-told tale?"

M. N. M.: "The knowledge of thyself would preserve thee from vanity."

Mattie: "There is nothing more precious to a man than his will."



Calendar

- SEPTEMBER 9—School opens.
- SEPTEMBER 18—Y. W. C. A. reception to new girls.
- SEPTEMBER 25—Literary Society reception to new girls.
- OCTOBER 1—Charles Hanford in "The Taming of the Shrew."
- OCTOBER 2—Recital by Misses Stark and Wiethan.
- OCTOBER 4—Holiday. K. E. Y. ride.
- OCTOBER 15—Concert by Stonewall Band.
- OCTOBER 23—Reception for Miss Burner.
- OCTOBER 30—Hallowe'en party in the gymnasium.
- NOVEMBER 4—Talk in the chapel by ex-Governor Glenn, of North Carolina.
- NOVEMBER 20—T. T. Club feast.
- NOVEMBER 20—Initiation meeting of Literary Society.
- NOVEMBER 25—Thanksgiving Holiday. Polly of the Circus.
- DECEMBER 4—Open meeting of the Literary Society.
- DECEMBER 11—A Straw Man—Play given by the Literary Society.
- DECEMBER 17—Christmas Soirée.
- DECEMBER 21—Holidays begin.
- JANUARY 4—Opening of School.
- JANUARY 15—Piano Recital by Emmanuel Wad.
- JANUARY 18—Piano Recital by Mademoiselle Yolanda Mero.
- JANUARY 22—Literary Society Tea.
- JANUARY 28—Entertainment by Polk Miller.
- FEBRUARY 5—Meeting of Literary Society—Subject, Goldsmith's Comedies.

FEBRUARY 11—Entertainment by Miss Frost's Pupils.
 FEBRUARY 15—Organization of Athletic Association.
 FEBRUARY 18—Turvyland—Given by the Arcadians.
 FEBRUARY 25—Professor Eisenberg's Soirée.
 FEBRUARY 26—Reading from "Romeo and Juliet" by Mrs. Williams.
 MARCH 4—Holiday. Wedding at Hilltop Mansion. Violin Recital by
 Anton Kaspar. X. Y. Z. Feast.
 MARCH 5—Meeting of Literary Society—Subject, Sheridan's Comedies.
 K. F. C. Feast.
 MARCH 12—Y. W. C. A. Bazaar.



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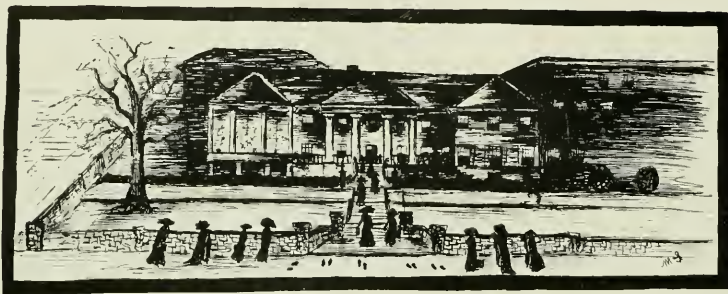
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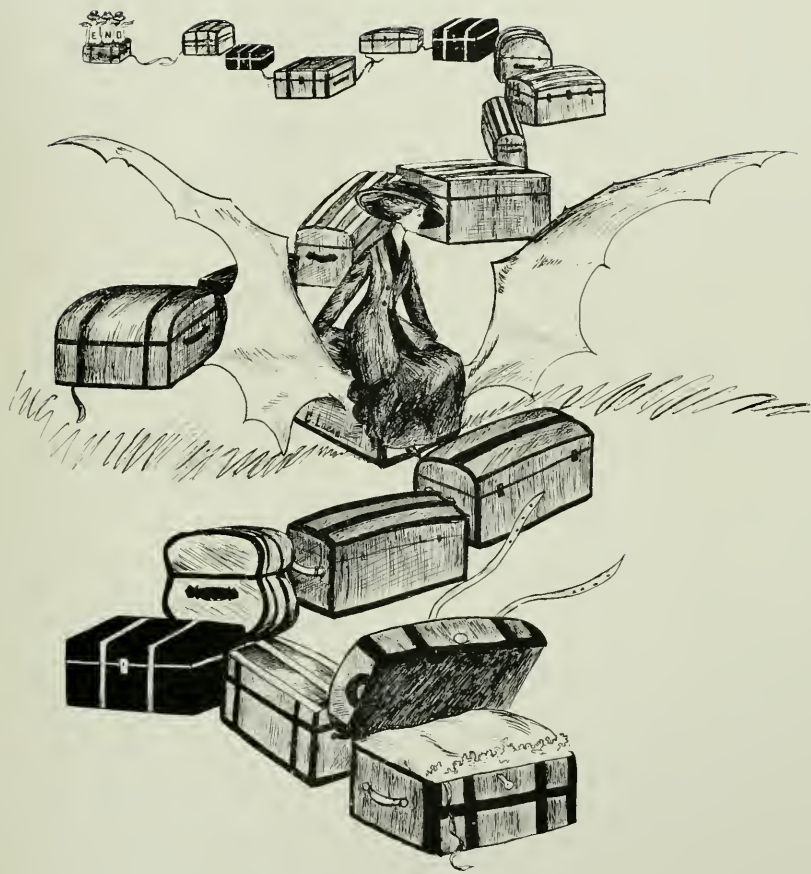
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WOODS, AGNES LACY	Ysing Kiaug pu, China
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WYSE, ANNA BELL	Staunton, Virginia
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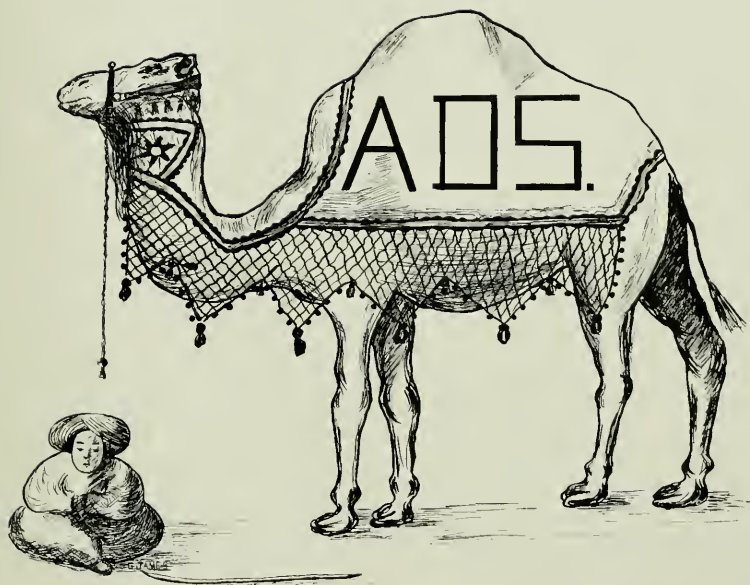
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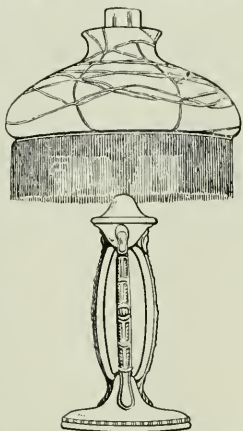
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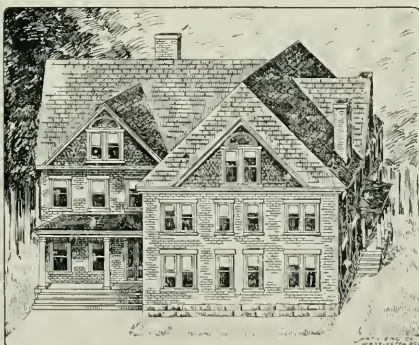
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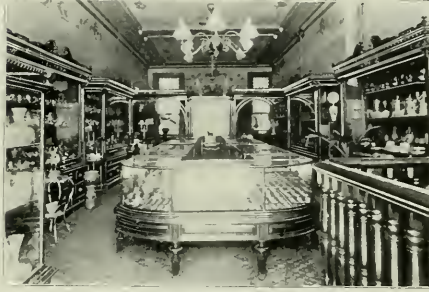
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